

The Daily Mirror

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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1914.

One Halfpenny.

THE KING OPENS PARLIAMENT: HIS MAJESTY RECEIVED BY THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.



With all the brilliant state ceremony customary on these occasions, the King (who was accompanied by the Queen) opened one of the most momentous sessions in the history of the British Parliament yesterday. The Irish crisis will be the principal problem during the session, and in his speech his Majesty referred to the government of Ireland,

"which, unless handled now with foresight, judgment and in the spirit of mutual concession, threatens grave future difficulties." The picture shows his Majesty shaking hands with the Duke of Norfolk, the hereditary Earl Marshal of England, on arrival at the Victoria Tower of the House of Lords.—(*Daily Mirror* photograph.)

A Child's best Friend

is its mother. The best friend of mother and child is SCOTT'S Emulsion. This pure food-medicine will strengthen and build up any weakly child; will enrich the blood and aid bone, nerve and tissue development. At the same time, it will provide natural protection against all throat and chest troubles. Half the anxieties of motherhood can be avoided by strengthening the children with a course of SCOTT'S.

"My little girl did not start to walk till she was 18 months old, because bronchitis pulled her down so much that her legs were like a piece of soft flabby skin. After taking two bottles of SCOTT'S Emulsion she was able to walk all right, and was firm and strong on her legs. She is now two years and eight months, and has never had another day's illness since. SCOTT'S Emulsion saved my child's life." (Signed) Mrs. Stroud, 95 St. Paul's Rd., Camden Square, N.W. 3/7/13.



TRADE
MARK
on every
Package.

SCOTT'S Emulsion aids the formation of strong, white teeth, and gives strength to overcome the evil results of bronchitis, coughs, measles, whooping cough and serious illnesses.

SCOTT'S Emulsion

You can easily buy cheaper emulsions than SCOTT'S, or you can purchase inferior cod liver oil, but these cannot be expected to give satisfactory results. SCOTT'S Emulsion is the original and best emulsion and the only one that is made by the unique SCOTT process which guarantees purity, quality and digestibility. Therefore, insist on SCOTT'S—the kind that doctors recommend—and refuse any that does not bear the SCOTT trade mark.

185

In the best interests of yourself and your pets

ALWAYS SPECIFY

"Spratt's"

when purchasing foods for

DOGS, POULTRY or CAGE BIRDS.

No biscuit is a genuine Spratt's production if not stamped with the name and Trade Mark "X," and no meal or food of any description unless it is supplied in a Sealed Bag or Original Package, plainly printed "SPRATT'S."

SPRATT'S PATENT LIMITED, 24-25, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.

Are You Fair to Yourself?



You are feeling old and you begin to look it with those grey and faded hairs always so conspicuous. **Lockyer's Hair Restorer, 1/6**, Gives health to the hair and restores the natural colour. It cleanses the scalp and is the most perfect hair dressing. Will enable you to look as you did 10 years ago, and you will feel years younger. Made at Bedford Laboratory, London, E.C.

GARDENING.
FREE Trial pkts. new varieties seeds, with bargain list bulbs, roses, rock plants, fruit trees, seed potatoes.—Lighton, 57, Kirton, Boston.
18—GRAND Wallflower Collection, 130 Plants, 1s.—20 Black Blood Red, 20 Primrose Dame, 20 Cloth of Gold, 20 Ruby Gem, 20 Venus (New Scarlet), 20 Cranford Beauty, 10 Double; strong plants, 130 free on rail, 1s.—G. F. Lettis, Nurseryman, 138, Hadleigh, Suffolk.
ABSOLUTELY Given Away—Now, being most anxious A. you should have my Rose, Fruit, Plant and Seed Catalogue. I have decided to give away 5,000 large packets of my New Pea, The Glad Eye, enough for a good row, over 70 seeds; send one penny stamp, and all will be sent; post free.—G. F. Lettis, F.R.H.S., Seed Merchant, 138, Hadleigh, Suffolk.

DAILY MAIL

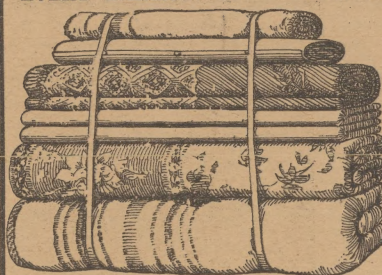
SALE. SALE.

EXTRAORDINARY CLEARANCE SALE OF
HEAVY HOUSEHOLD STOCK.
2/- DEPOSIT ONLY secures one of these huge BARGAIN BALES while they last.
THE BRITISH CLOTHING CLUB, 74, Oldham St., MANCHESTER

THE ORIGINAL Bargain Bale Advertisers—having made famous through the leading papers during the last 3 years their GREAT DRAPERY BARGAINS—are now holding their first GIGANTIC SALE, and, to commemorate the event, are offering GREATER VALUE THAN EVER BEFORE.

THOUSANDS OF PARCELS of the undermentioned goods will be sent out, during the next few weeks, to all approved orders on FIRST PAYMENT OF 2/- per bale. The balance can be paid by SMALL MONTHLY PAYMENTS OF 2/- per bale. HAVE RECEIVED and examined the goods, if thoroughly satisfied.

EVERY BARGAIN BALE CONTAINS THE FOLLOWING:—



- 1 Pair splendid Yorkshire Fleece Blankets, warm and velvety finish.
 - 1 Special Heavy Coloured Quilt, prettily bordered and flowered.
 - 1 Pair extra strong Soft Twill Sheets, Manchester make.
 - 1 Beautiful White Honeycomb Quilt, special design, with knotted fringe edges.
 - 2 Splendid Filled Pillow Slips fine longcloth.
 - 1 Strong Longcloth Bolster Case.
 - 2 Large White Turkish Towels.
- All articles for full size bed, and well worth £2 10s. the lot. In addition, we will PRESENT a SPLENDID WOOLLEN SHAWL (useful in every home) to all customers sending Cash with order.

SEE WHAT YOU ARE BUYING.

PRICE FOR THE WHOLE BALE COMPLETE £1 ONLY.

SEND YOUR ORDER WITH DEPOSIT TO-DAY, to secure this extraordinary bargain. All goods actually sent out ON RECEIPT OF FIRST PAYMENT of all approved orders. The Deposit will immediately be refunded if goods are not sent as advertised. If you are not perfectly satisfied with the goods, return them at our expense, and cash will instantly be refunded.

This Advertisement will not appear every day.

CUT OUT

Coupon, 11/2/14

"Daily Mirror"

To The BRITISH CLOTHING CLUB, 74, Oldham St., MANCHESTER

Order from—

FULL NAME.....

Amount enclosed.....

BALE
5

FULL ADDRESS.....

TOWN.....

COUNTY.....

FRESH FISH

FROM THE SEA
TO YOUR HOME WITH ALL THE SMELL OF THE SEA ON IT.

Try a Sample Hamper and you will be Delighted.

6 lb., 2/3; 9 lb., 2/9; 11 lb., 3/3; 14 lb. 3/9; 21 lb., 5/6.

APPETISING! NUTRITIOUS!
WHOLESALE!

Nicely cleaned for cooking.

REMEMBER—YOU HAVE NO CARRIAGE TO PAY.
Hotels, Public Institutions, Colleges, &c., a Speciality.

Telegrams:—"QUALITY, Grimsby."
Price List and full particulars post free.

6 lb.

2/3

STANDARD FISH Co.,
FISH SUPPLY DEPOT,
GRIMSBY.

9 lb.

2/9

THE DISCOVERIES OF THE CENTURY. RADIUM v. CANCER. EUAZATE v. RHEUMATISM.

It is nothing less than extraordinary the number of people who are suffering at the present moment from rheumatism, gout, sciatica, and all uric acid troubles, and, what is worse, it seems that the epidemic is growing. The celebrated French rheumatic specialist, Dr. E. Hayem, of Paris, who was recently in England, was asked if in his country there was a similar epidemic, and he replied that since science had discovered Eauzate his compatriots were more or less free from rheumatism and uric acid troubles, except in the most acute cases of long standing; and these, he maintained, would eventually be conquered by the same means. For the benefit of those who are not aware of this simple cure one has only to make up the following prescription at home at little cost. Pour 5 table-spoonfuls of vinegar on to the yolk of a fresh egg and add 75 grammes of ordinary Eauzate, which you can obtain at your chemist. Mix these ingredients well together, pour a little of this mixture into the palm of your hand, and rub same lightly on to the place where the pain is felt. Repeat this treatment once or twice a day for a few days, and you will find that the pain will entirely disappear, thus constituting a permanent cure.—E. H., M.D.

If you have grey or discoloured hair which you wish to restore to the natural colour try the French wishless preparation, L'Uniclican, the famous Continental hair restorer.—(Advt.)

L. & N.W.R.

EXCURSIONS
FROM
EUSTON

and other London Stations.
SATURDAYS, February 14th and 28th,
March 14th and 28th,
to

NORTH WALES, LAMBRAN LINE,
BLACKPOOL, SOUTHPORT, MAN-
CHESTER, LIVERPOOL, CHESTER,
PRESTON, and numerous other Pro-
vincial Towns, for 5, 8, 8 day

MONDAY, February 16th,
EXCURSION BOOKINGS TO
MANCHESTER

(For the Races)

5rd CLASS FARES: One Day, 13/6;

Two Days, 16/-;

First Class Fares Double Third.

SATURDAY, February 21st,
HALF-DAY TRIP TO BIRMINGHAM,
WOLVERHAMPTON, COVENTRY,
LEAMINGTON, and WARWICK.

For Particulars of Train Service and Special Travel Facilities, etc., apply at any L. & N.W. Station or Town Office, or send a postcard to the Enquiry Office, Euston Station, London, N.W.
FRANK REE, General Manager.

THE KING'S WISH FOR SETTLEMENT.

Gravity of Irish Crisis Revealed
in Speech from Throne.

PREMIER'S PROMISE.

Government to Make Suggestions
for Pacific Settlement.

It is my most earnest wish that the goodwill and co-operation of men of all parties and creeds may heal dissension and lay the foundations of a lasting settlement.

In these grave words the King, in his Speech from the Throne in the House of Lords yesterday, when opening the fourth session of Parliament, which will probably be the most memorable of the present reign, referred to the Irish crisis.

This appeal by the King to all parties clearly indicates the momentous nature of the Irish problem with which the House is to deal.

"Unless," said the Speech, "the question is handled now with foresight, judgment and in the spirit of mutual concession, grave future difficulties threaten."

An important pronouncement on the Government's attitude was made later in the Commons by Mr. Asquith. He said—

The Government intended, without delay, to put forward suggestions for pacific settlement.

There was nothing they would not do, consistent with the fundamental principles of the (Home Rule) Bill, to avoid civil war and bloodshed.

These proposals, it was pointed out last night, cannot be laid before Parliament until the necessary financial business of the year has been disposed of, including the naval and other estimates, and this would mean the middle of April at the earliest.

The House rose at 10.55 p.m. Great crowds watched the royal progress in the state coach drawn by the team of eight cream horses.

The King, wearing his crown, read his Speech in the House of Lords in a strong, clear voice, every syllable penetrating to the remotest corner of the stately chamber.

The Queen, looking radiant and wonderfully well, wore a dress of pale gold with the blue sash of the Garter, a glittering array of diamonds sparkling at her throat, and the big Cullinan diamond flashing in front of the sash.

(Photographs on pages 1 and 8.)

"CRIME OF FIRST MAGNITUDE."

It was half-past four before the House got to grips with the Address.

This was moved by Mr. Walter Ruch, a young Welsh Liberal in Court dress, and seconded by Mr. Gordon Hewart, the Liberal M.P. for Leicester, also in Court dress.

Then came the official Unionist amendment, moved by Mr. Walter Long, that—

It would be disastrous for the House to proceed further with the Government of Ireland Bill until it had been submitted to the judgment of the country.

Mr. Long, making his first speech on the floor of the House since his prolonged illness last year, reminded the Government that there are 100,000 men, trained, armed and equipped, to resist, at the cost of their lives if necessary, the Home Rule Bill.

You will have to meet forces by force, and as the first fruits of the Parliament Act you are going to carry Home Rule by using British bayonets and British bullets.

"It would," he cried, "be a crime of the first magnitude to use the forces of the Crown to shoot down the people of Ulster."

Mr. Long denied that there was any bluff on the part of Ulster or of the loyalists and Unionists scattered over the rest of Ireland. The Government had driven many of these people to desperation, and they could not be kept quiet much longer.

The fact of their having been quiet so long was due to the strong, calm, fearless leadership of Sir Edward Carson. The Unionist demand was that the Government should consult the country. (Loud Opposition cheers.)

MR. ASQUITH'S PROMISE.

In hushed silence, broken here and there by party gibes and cheers, the Prime Minister, replying to the Unionist amendment, set forth in pregnant sentences, the desire of the Government to find a basis of settlement.

"We recognise to the full that as the situation has developed we cannot divest ourselves of responsibility in this matter—the responsibility of initiative."

The main features of his speech were the following:—

1. The Government recognise the fear of bloodshed.
2. The Prime Minister undertook to submit to the Unionists certain proposals for compromise.
3. He gave no indication as to what those proposals would be.
4. A heap of financial business is to be worked off before the Home Rule Bill or the re-shaped Bill comes up for discussion.

Mr. Asquith denied that it was only at the eleventh hour that the Government had shown any regard for the repugnance of the people of Ulster to Home Rule.

The Government intended, without delay, to put forward suggestions for pacific settlement. The Government fully recognised that they could not divest themselves of responsibility for

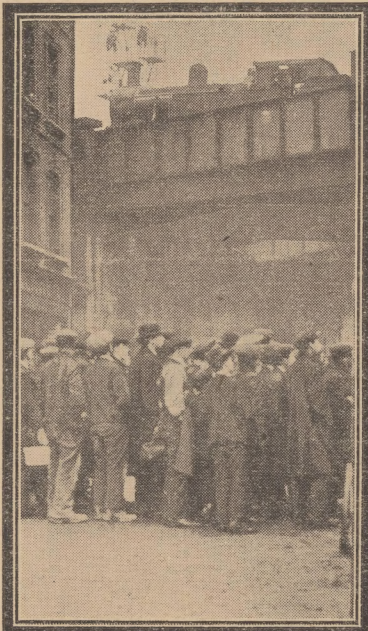
(Continued on column 4.)

WHO WOULDN'T JOIN THE NAVY?



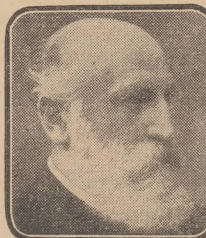
Rear-Admiral Sir R. Arbuthnot batting in a cricket match between the wardroom and the gunroom on the deck of the Thames Dreadnought Thunderer. The game was played while the vessel was in the Bay of Biscay, which on this occasion was not living up to its reputation for roughness.

LONDON RAILWAY MISHAP.



Engine which became derailed while crossing the railway bridge near the Borough Market yesterday. The mishap held up the traffic for some time. An interested crowd gathered beneath the bridge, though they saw but little.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

MARRIED MR. HARDY.



The Rev. R. Howel Brown, vicar of St. Andrew's, Enfield, who performed the ceremony at the wedding of Mr. Thomas Hardy and Miss Dugdale.

DEATH OF A JUDGE.



His Honour Judge Wightman Wood, of the Leicestershire Circuit, who died yesterday at the age of sixty-seven. He got his rowing colours at Eton and Oxford.

"NO AVENUE OF HOPE TO BE CLOSED."

Mr. Asquith on Suggestions for
Settlement Without Delay.

ELECTION UNNECESSARY.

(Continued from column 1.)

taking the initiative in making suggestions for a peaceful settlement, but whatever steps they took must not be construed as an admission on their part that a Bill which had twice passed through that House was a defective Bill.

He denied that a general election was necessary. If after a dissolution a Liberal Government were returned, would Ulster lay down arms?

"Would you drop Home Rule," interjected Sir E. Carson, "if we were returned?"

"The difference in our opinion," replied Mr. Asquith, "is this: you have a majority in the other Chamber, we have not."

"So far as I and my colleagues are concerned," said Mr. Asquith, "we will not close an avenue, however unpromising for the moment the entrance upon it may appear, which directly or indirectly holds out a hope leading to concord and to settlement."

The chief speakers on the Government side in the resumed debate on Mr. Long's amendment to the Address to-day will be Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Birrell, and on the Opposition side Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Bonar Law.

THE KING'S SPEECH.

In his speech to the Peers the King stated that relations with foreign countries continue to be friendly, and referred with pleasure to the coming royal visit to France.

My Lords and Gentlemen,—The measures in regard to which there was difference of opinion between the two Houses will be again submitted to your consideration.

I regret that the efforts which have been made to arrive at a solution by agreement of the problems connected with the Government of Ireland have, so far, not succeeded.

In a matter in which the hopes and the fears of so many of my subjects are keenly concerned, and which, unless handled now with foresight, judgment, and in the spirit of mutual concession, threatens grave future difficulties, it is my most earnest wish that the goodwill and co-operation of men of all parties and creeds may heal dissension and lay the foundations of a lasting settlement.

Other points in the Speech were:—

Proposals will be laid before you for reconstituting the Second Chamber.

Recommendations of the Royal Commission on the law's delay will require the concurrence of Parliament.

Measures will be presented dealing with the housing of the industrial and agricultural population; for the development of a national system of education; to amend the law with respect to the trial and punishment of young offenders; and, if time and opportunity permit, for other purposes of social reform.

Your labours upon these and all other matters I humbly commend to the blessing of Almighty God.

AMENDMENT IN THE LORDS.

Unusually large was the attendance in the House of Lords for the Address debate last night.

This was due to the announcement that a Unionist would move an amendment to the Address.

The amendment, proposed by Lord Middleton, ex-Secretary for War, affirmed that it would be disastrous to proceed further with the Home Rule Bill until it had been submitted to the people.

Lord Morley, replying for the Government, hoped the discussion would be marked with a spirit of goodwill. It would be a violation of all secrecy and all rules of any such conversations if he were to reveal the result of the conversations between the Premier and Mr. Bonar Law.

The debate was adjourned till to-day.

"HOME RULE WITHIN HOME RULE."

The speeches of the Prime Minister in the House of Commons and Viscount Morley in the Lords created considerable sensation in the lobby.

Obviously a new situation, says the Press Association, had been created by the revelations made in both Houses.

It is generally assumed that the ideas of the Cabinet are tending towards a system of Home Rule within Home Rule, which will give the Protestant counties of Ulster a check over administration within their own boundaries, with some form of veto over the legislative acts of an Irish Parliament.

Whether by such proposals Ministers can secure general assent to a Home Rule measure in which they are embodied is questioned by many.

CONVENTION ON CRISIS?

At the first of a number of non-party meetings to be held to consider proposals for solving the Irish question on Friday next by conference, Viscount Hythe, at Brighton last night, suggested a convention consisting of thirty to forty representatives of all nationalities in the United Kingdom to consider the problem.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—Moderate or fresh south-westerly winds; fair to cloudy, with some rain; mild.
Rising-up time: 6.4 p.m. High-water at London Bridge: 2.42 p.m.
LONDON OBSERVATIONS, Holborn Circus, City, 6 p.m.:—Barometer, 29.90 in., inclined to fall; temperature, 50 deg.; wind, S., moderate breeze; weather, fine and mild.
Sea passages will be moderate in the south and east, rather rough in the west.

GREAT ENGLISH NOVELIST WEDS.

Mr. Thomas Hardy's Romantic Marriage to His Secretary.

THE SCOTT OF WESSEX.

Mr. Thomas Hardy, the greatest of living novelists and the last of the Victorian literary giants, was married yesterday at Enfield to Miss Florence Emily Dugdale, who has been acting as his secretary. The bridegroom is in his seventy-fourth year.

Miss Dugdale is the daughter of Mr. Edward Dugdale, who has been a headmaster of Andrew's School, Enfield, for many years. She is known as a writer of books, chiefly tales for children, two of the most successful being "In Lucy's Garden" and "Old-Time Tales." Last Christmas she wrote two books called "Baby Birds" and "Baby Beasts," which had a considerable vogue.

The only eye-witnesses, besides the clergy and officials of St. Andrew's Church, were the bride's father and her sister, Miss Marjorie Dugdale, and Mr. Henry Hardy, Mr. Hardy's brother, who acted as best man.

The service was conducted by the Rev. R. Howel Brown, M.A., the vicar, and took place by special licence at 8 a.m.

After the ceremony Mr. Hardy, who has been staying in London during the past few days, returned with his bride to her home, and later left for Dorchester (Dorset), where he is arrested during the evening, proceeding thence to Max Gate.

Mr. and Mrs. Hardy, it is understood, will take up their residence shortly at Max Gate, Dorchester.

Mrs. Dugdale, mother of the bride, stated yesterday that the engagement was only announced to her with surprise last week or two, and it had "all come about very suddenly."

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Dugdale belong to an old Dorsetshire family and have long been members of Mr. Hardy's select circle of friends.

HEROINES' BEAUTIFUL NAMES.

The inventor of that wonderful country of romance, Wessex, Thomas Hardy has lived for many years past in the heart of his own dominions at Max Gate.

His work has many of those subdued and retiring qualities which characterise his personality, and it was not until he gave us a very frank treatise of that eternal theme, the woman "with a past" in "Tess" that he achieved something out of the ordinary in the way of circulation.

Mr. Hardy's heroes either live or die for a woman. The desire to possess a certain woman is the desire that dominates their lives. It is interesting to recall that his late wife Emma, daughter of J. A. Gifford, used to choose most of his heroines' names, and beautiful names they have been, such as Tess and Bathsheba.

As an instance of the power that womanhood has always exercised over his mind we have only to cite his novel which he called "The Beloved." In this remarkable book Mr. Hardy describes the pursuit by a man of a certain well-beloved type of woman, the type that was his ideal.

He loves a girl, and in middle-age he loves her daughter. Years pass, and he actually falls in love with her granddaughter. It sounds absurd, but the story is moving and even tragic in its inevitability as told by Mr. Hardy.

Mr. Hardy has done as admirably and completely for "Wessex," and especially for his native district of Dorchester, what Walter Scott did for the valleys of Tweed and Annan, but, being an Englishman, he has missed Scott's meed of local recognition.

Mr. Hardy has been honoured by the Order of Merit. (Photographs on page 9.)

SIR J. BELL'S QUIET WEDDING.

With only twelve people to see the ceremony, Sir John Bell, Bart., ex-Lord Mayor of London, was married yesterday to Miss Ellen James, of Fernacres, Fulmer, Buckinghamshire.

The wedding took place at St. James's Church, Piccadilly, at one o'clock—an hour when hundreds of people who knew Sir John well by sight must have been in the vicinity.

(Photograph on page 9.)

MOTHER'S GRIM REPLY.

"I can't let you in. I have murdered Gertrude."

These were the words uttered by Mrs. Jackson, the wife of a writer at the Arsenal, at Woolwich yesterday, to a neighbour, Mrs. Sherryer, when she knocked at the door.

Mrs. Sherryer had heard screams and then a girl's cry of "Oh, mummy, don't!"

When the police arrived and entered the house they found Mrs. Jackson and her ten-year-old daughter both dead. They had evidently been drowned in a bath half full of water, which stood in the scullery.

WIFE'S WORDS ON PHOTOGRAPH.

"Don't you think you would be proud to acknowledge such a beautiful boy as your son? He is the admiration of everyone."

These were the words written on the back of a child's photograph which Marcelin Orbes, circus artist at the London Hippodrome, received from his wife regarding a child of which he was not the father.

So said counsel in the Divorce Court yesterday, when Mr. Orbes obtained a decree nisi against his wife because of her misconduct with the correspondent, Henry William Garrick, described as Press agent of the Hippodrome.

THE KING OF SWEDEN.

Abdication in Favour of Son Said To Be Imminent—Cabinet Resigns.

STOCKHOLM, Feb. 10.—The Cabinet has resigned. Baron Louis de Geer has accepted the task of forming a Cabinet, but the complete list of Ministers is not expected to be available until to-morrow. —Reuter.

This announcement marks the end of a series of dissensions between the King of Sweden and his Cabinet.

For a considerable time the policy of the Swedish Cabinet, particularly in regard to the navy question, has been unpopular with the people, and matters came to a head a few days ago when 31,000 peasants marched to the royal palace at Stockholm to demand an immediate increase of armaments.

The King said he fully shared the opinion of the peasants that the defence problem should be settled without loss of time.

On that point he was determined not to yield. The fleet should be increased.

Messages received from Paris and Berlin yesterday quoted a report in the Stockholm *Eight o'Clock Gazette* that the abdication of the King of Sweden in favour of his son was imminent. On inquiry at the Swedish Legation in London, however, it was stated that nothing had been heard of the intention attributed to the King of Sweden by a Stockholm paper to abdicate in favour of his son, and the story was regarded as an unlikely one.

King Gustavus V. has been on the Swedish throne for six years, and is a very popular monarch with his people.

(Photographs on page 9.)

IN CUPID'S OWN GARDEN.

Grow your own orange blossom for your wedding—that is what numbers of young Englishwomen are doing to-day.

"Oranges are taking the place of palms in modern conservatories," an expert gardener told *The Daily Mirror*. "They are ornamental all the year round—at this time of the year the fruit is ripening, and later on in the year they are blossoming."

Not a few people are growing oranges so that they can send the blossom to their friends when they are married, or even use it themselves (if they are girls) at their own weddings.

SHILLINGS FOR THRIFT.

In view of the fact that the British nation is often reproached for being unthrifty, it will be interesting to watch the effect of a scheme recently inaugurated by *Answers*.

Briefly, every reader is invited to apply, through certain banks and thrift institutions, for an *Answers* home safe, an ingenious contrivance which readily permits of the deposit of all sizes of coin, but absolutely prevents their removal until the time comes for the safe to be unlocked.

In addition, every reader who applies for a home safe is presented with 1s. with which to start his or her account. This 1s. is to be found in the current issue in the form of a cheque as a present from *Answers* to the thrifty one.

BOY CHARGED WITH SCHOOL FIRE

Charged with maliciously setting fire to Christ Church School, Ealing, John Radbone, a thirteen-year-old boy, was remanded yesterday at Brentford.

An assistant caretaker said she entered the school early yesterday and found a notice-board and a quantity of paper on fire in the lobby. Prisoner was lying hidden behind a door.

He was said to have told a police-officer about another boy who suggested it "would be fine if the school were to catch on fire." In court yesterday he said he saw two boys he did not know get in at the window to set the place on fire. He followed them in and tried to extinguish the fire.

VEILED WOMAN HOAX

Disguised Suffragette Arrested as Mrs. Pankhurst.

FIGHT WITH CLUBS.

A veiled woman in black, posing as Mrs. Pankhurst, succeeded last night in hoaxing the police into the idea that they had rearrested the militant leader.

After a fierce fight, in which women wielded Indian clubs, the police made seven arrests, but when the veiled woman reached Notting Hill Gate Police Station it was discovered that she was a suffragette disguised as Mrs. Pankhurst.

The arrests took place in Camden Hill-square, Holland Park-avenue. From the second-floor window of the house to which she had gone twenty-four hours previously on her return to England, Mrs. Pankhurst addressed a crowd of some 500 people.

After declaring that she would never serve her three years' penal servitude, she challenged the



MRS. PANKHURST.

Government to rearrest her and subject her to forcible feeding.

"I am coming out to you in a few minutes," she remarked. The room from which she spoke was the only one lighted in the house, and her figure was silhouetted in the window.

Suddenly the light was extinguished. The women on emerging from the house were surrounded by police, and at once a fierce struggle began.

The bogus Mrs. Pankhurst, dressed in black and heavily veiled, was arrested, but a score of women went to her assistance and fiercely assailed the police with Indian clubs and clogs.

The Daily Mirror was told last night by a suffragist who saw the arrest that the hoax "was beautifully done. When Mrs. Pankhurst finished speaking, a follower dressed in black and heavily veiled left the house, and at once succeeded in being arrested. What happened to Mrs. Pankhurst I cannot tell you." Detectives were closely watching the house last night in the hope that Mrs. Pankhurst might still be in the house.

Mrs. Pankhurst was last released on December 17, having been arrested on December 13 on her return from Paris.

LOOPING THE LOOP AT NIGHT.

The first airman to loop the loop at night is Mr. Gustav Hamel, who, leaving Eastbourne Aerodrome at ten o'clock last night in a monoplane, three times looped the loop in Queen's Pier.

After making a safe descent at the aerodrome, he stated that while in the air he could see the lights of France.

RISE OF A STAR.

Leading Lady Who Went on Stage Against Parents' Wish—Miss Elsom's Success.

"If, at the bottom of her heart, a girl really and seriously wants to take up the stage as a profession, and not as a hobby or for 'the fun to be got out of it,' I think that girl should be permitted to try her luck."

Such is the rather unconventional advice which Miss Isobel Elsom, the new Gaiety star, has to give to stage-struck girls.

Miss Elsom, as all theatre-goers now know, is the pretty Doris whom they are "after" in the "revue" comedy at the Gaiety Theatre.

Only a few short weeks ago she was one of Mr. George Edwardes's chorus girls. Now—at nineteen—she is leading lady at London's chief musical comedy theatre.

Miss Elsom lives with her parents in a pretty little villa at Golders' Green, and it was there that she chatted with *The Daily Mirror* about her career and expressed the way guide above.

"It had been my ambition," she said, "to enter the theatrical profession ever since I was a tiny tot."

"My parents objected, and I confess I made my first start without their knowledge."

"Two years ago I applied at the Adelphi for my first engagement. Mr. Malone, the manager, was very kind. During the last month of the run of 'The Quaker Girl' I became a chorus girl. I had got a start."

"I continued a chorus girl in 'Autumn Manœuvres,' 'The Dancing Mistress,' and toured for just a little while in 'The Girl from Utah.'"

"Then came the great surprise. When on tour I was wired to come back and then I was told simply that I was to take the leading part in the new Gaiety play!"

"What pleases me most, perhaps," added Miss Elsom, "is that mother's objection to my having gone on the stage does not now exist."

(Photographs on page 16.)

WHAT THE JUDGE SAW.

There was a dramatic incident in a case in the Divorce Court, when Mr. Justice Bagnave Deane told the respondent in the case that "through his window he had seen her behaving excitedly towards witnesses."

The case was one in which Mr. William Brown had brought a suit against his wife alleging misconduct with the co-respondent, Samuel Palmer. The charges were denied.

When the Court re-assembled after the luncheon interval the Judge called Mrs. Brown into the box.

He told her that through the window of his private room, which overlooked the quadrangle, he had seen her seize a little boy by the coat, address him excitedly and shake her fingers at him. Also he had seen her do the same thing to the co-respondent.

Mrs. Brown denied that she was coaching her witness. She explained that the little boy was her son, and was the only witness she had to support her evidence.

His Lordship said the incident had so prejudiced him for the time being, he thought the case should stand over until later, when he might "see clearer."

The case was accordingly adjourned until next Saturday week.

TIGER HUNT IN SHOP.

BRUSSELS, Feb. 10.—A tiger which was being exercised escaped from the Hagenbeck menagerie this morning, and made its way into the street, where its appearance caused a wild panic among the crowds attending the day's market.

The tiger, hunted by trainers and by policemen brandishing revolvers, made down the Rue de la Digue, and bolted into a tobacconist's shop.

The tobacconist's premises were barricaded, and thus converted into a trap for the tiger. A cage was then brought up from the menagerie, and the tiger entered the tobacconist's shop by one of the windows, and the animal from the rear and forcing it to enter the cage. Central News.

FIERCE FILM FIRE.

An alarming explosion, followed by fire, occurred yesterday afternoon at Leeds on the premises of the New Century Film Service, the damage being estimated at several thousands of pounds.

The building, situated in the centre of the city, was ablaze soon after the explosion, which smashed all the windows in neighbouring offices.

Shortly after the fire started, it was noticed that a number of the employees were on the third story appealing frantically for help. Fortunately ladders were obtained in time, and they were rescued before the fire could reach them.

SHORTHAND WRITERS' WATERLOO.

BERLIN, Feb. 10.—In the Lower House of the Prussian Diet to-day Herr Hoffmann, Socialist, spoke for five hours in the debate on the estimates for the Ministry of the Interior.

The Vice-President, Dr. Forstner, then rose and said: "I am officially informed that the stenographers are unable to continue."

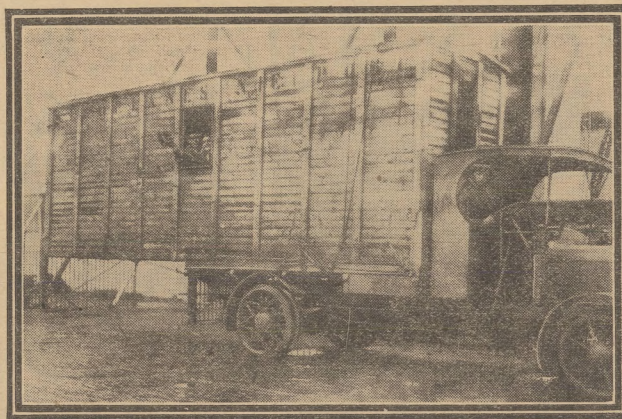
The debate was adjourned until to-morrow.—Reuter.

P. O. ENGINEER TO BE REINSTATED

It was officially announced last night that the Postmaster-General has given instructions for the restoration of Mr. J. E. Taylor to his former rank of superintending engineer on the occurrence of the next vacancy.

It will be remembered that Mr. Taylor was reduced in rank on account of his making a purchase of American Marconi shares at the time when the contract between the Marconi Company and the Government was under consideration.

SAILORS WHO LIVE IN AN AEROPLANE CASE.



As there is no accommodation for the men of the Naval Flying Wing who are preparing their new base at Hoo, near Shoeburyness, they are living in a huge aeroplane case. The picture shows them moving it from Farnborough on a motor-lorry. ("Daily Mirror" photograph.)



Mr. Walter Long.

Opposition yesterday, is one of the few typical country squires left to the House of Commons. An excitable political opponent once referred to him as a large employer of labour. "But I've only got a handful of gamekeepers," pleaded Mr. Long pathetically.

Conservative in everything, Mr. Long was for years considered old-fashioned in his dress. He always wore a handkerchief in an outside breast pocket of his morning and lounge coats. Now everybody is doing so again.

He Didn't Know.

There is a story told that at a party given at Lord Palmerston's a few evenings after the opening of Parliament by Queen Victoria one of the guests, who had been present at the ceremony, and was specially interested in the Cap of Maintenance, which is borne before the Sovereign on State occasions when the Crown is not worn, questioned the Prime Minister as to its significance. "Pon my word," said Palmerston, "I don't know; but Lord Winchester, who carried it, is here, and he'll tell us." Lord Winchester was presently discovered, and the question was put to him. "You're as wise as I am," he said, "I've never thought of inquiring what exactly it does mean."

An Unceremonious Incident.

I noticed a charming little incident during the royal procession. As the state landaus were passing down the Mall the occupant of one of them, in full military uniform, poked his gigantic and magnificently-decorated stick-of-office out of the gilt window and gave it a friendly wave and twirl in the direction of the back of one of the big houses in Carlton House-terrace. The signal was immediately answered by five little handkerchiefs being vigorously waved back.

P.C. I. H.R.

A privileged spectator of the royal procession was No. 1, H.R. H.R. is the police badge of the Whitechapel Reserve Division. Number 1 was in the front row at the Horse Guards. He is Jack, the Leman-street Police Station dog, and he wears his badge proudly on his collar.

Red Gloves.

Walking down the Burlington the other afternoon, I met a very fashionably dressed young man, who seemed to be observed of all observers. He wore a silk hat, a black frock overcoat, a black tie and bright scarlet gloves, and the effect was not really bad.

The Night Club Battle.

The night club fracas in which people juggled with bottles and tables until they were juggled into the police-court is, I hear, to lead to far stricter police supervision of London's cheap foreign clubs. For some reason or other these establishments always associate themselves with "artists." Literally considered foreign waiters and bottle-washers may be "artists" of a sort, but the term is misleading.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

Mr. Long's Fashion.

Mr. Walter Long, who was the chief spokesman for the

A Performance for Patrons.

There is to be a special performance for cergymen only of "The Rosary" at the Prince's Theatre. It will, of course, be a purely invitation affair.

Strange Masculine Fascination.

A man who walked through a long and crowded City street yesterday (one in which few women ever walk) mentioned at lunch that there was a crowd of men and boys staring into every ironmonger's window. The next largest throng was gazing into a stationer's window that was filled with maps. That is understandable, but what is the fascination in an ironmonger's shop window for men?

Hard Times for Vaudeville Artists.

While the salaries of people like Lauder or Nijinsky fill the soul of the ambitious amateur with envy, I should like to remind any intending aspirants to the vaudeville stage that the profession is at the present moment in about the worst condition possible. Performers with names that were household words a few years ago cannot now get engagements. It is all the fault of the reviews, which are crowding the single artists out of the programmes.

Mr. Landon Ronald on Music-Hall Songs.

Mr. Landon Ronald has been criticising the modern music-hall song. It is not so good as it was, he says. Most of us will agree with his view. Both musically and otherwise—with few exceptions—our popular ballads seem to have lost individuality in recent years. But it is interesting to find that a leading musical authority considers the music-hall song worthy of an opinion. Your minor musical enthusiast generally professes for it a contemptuous scorn.

By the way, have you ever noticed how Mr. Ronald appears to control his orchestra with his eyes. He seems to express every phase of the music in them, though he said recently that he was quite unconscious of this.

Lord Lonsdale's Watch.

In discussing the loss of his gold watch at the Gaiety Theatre on Saturday night, Lord Lonsdale dwells upon the fact that, while he has attended boxing matches in all sorts and conditions of places, he has never yet been robbed of a copper at these resorts.

1 Museum.

The contest for the right to have "1 Museum" as telephone number is over. It has been a long and steady fight, in which many well-known firms have taken part. Messrs. Oetzmann's, of Tottenham Court-road, have won the prize. The Museum Exchange is probably to be working within a month or six weeks, and many unhappy residents of the West Central District, which it will cover, will once again require to alter their letter heading.

The Sisters' Split.

No one who is at all intimate with suffragette matters is in the least surprised at the open split between the Misses Christabel and Sylvia Pankhurst. Things have been strained between the sisters for a considerable time now. Sylvia is one of those many women in the suffragette movement who believe that Christabel was wrong in staying in Paris when her mother was going in and out of prison in England. They also disagreed on the subject of suffragette finance.

Will Christabel Marry?

I wonder if either of the sisters will ever marry. After Christabel made her eloquent oration at Bow-street some years ago it was rumoured very strongly that one of the most charming essayists in England had developed a romantic interest in the young Portia. But nothing came of it all, except an essay.

Friends, Though Foes.

Talking of the suffragettes, I noticed a pretty little incident in the Strand yesterday. The young man who stands outside Charing Cross selling the *Anti-Suffragette Review* was chatting quite amiably and confidentially with the young woman who stands next to him selling *The Suffragette*. I wonder which was converted!

Free Education While You Listen.

The catholicity of London's intellectual interest is reflected in the number of lectures on various topics delivered in various London institutions nightly. Yesterday I noticed there were lectures on these topics:—"Current Literature," "A Tour in Mongolia," "British Interests in Argentina," "Poseidon and the Minotaur," "The Psychology of Magic," "Le Procès du Collier de Marie Antoinette," "The Nature of Hieroglyphic Writing," "Animals and Plants Under Domestication," "The Problem of Personality," "The Graduated Character of Mental Defect," "Greek Art and National Life," "The Age of Erasmus," and "The Lighting of London." And most of the lectures were free.

The Necessary Crocodile.

It is bad news to hear of Lord Minto's illness. Few of our statesmen have a greater knowledge of the British Empire than he. In his early days he acted as war correspondent in the Russo-Turkish War. Later, when Viceroy of India, he was reading another correspondent's message from the scene of some punitive expedition. It described the troops crossing a river swarming with crocodiles, its banks lined with palms.

"There's neither a palm nor a crocodile within miles," said the Viceroy. "Well, it's India," said the correspondent. "The British public will have its crocodiles—you know the British public." And the Viceroy smiled an understanding smile.



Lord Minto.

Keen on Hunting.

Lord Middleton has had to cancel his engagements for the immediate future owing to Lady Middleton's recent accident in the hunting field. Like her husband, Lady Middleton is a keen follower of hounds, and she has a pretty gift of anecdote. A letter she wrote to *The Times* last year on the dancing controversy read like an extract from an amusing book of memoirs.

She Forgot.

She recalled her own early experiences of dancing, and told how "a distinguished teacher of the opera in Paris caught me a naughty damsel amusing my fellow-pupils by making a 'moue' at his back."

"Mademoiselle forgets that the hall is furnished with looking glasses," said the dancing master chidingly.

Noble Fury and Warm Milk.

"What I think so wonderful about Bonar Law is his ability to work himself into a noble fury on such a beverage as warm milk," was a remark made once by Mr. George Wyndham.

He did not enlarge on the irony of the fact that Mr. Law, like that thorough-going teetotaler Mr. Joynton Hicks, often finds himself defending the licensed victuallers, whereas the sternest temperance advocates enjoy an occasional whisky and soda.

Nierstein!

The secretary of a suburban golf club, much frequented by gentlemen of foreign origin, recently received a letter from a would-be member asking if he would send him a list of club members that he might see if he knew any of them.

The list was sent, but returned shortly accompanied by a short note. "I am sorry to trouble you again," wrote the prospective candidate, "but I asked for the list of members. I see you have sent the wine list."

The Popular Oyster.

This has been a record season for oysters, one of the biggest oyster merchants told me yesterday. I asked him why oysters varied so much in price. "It is rather a matter of size than quality," he replied. "People who eat their oysters at places like the Carlton don't mind paying to have their oysters all of one size. It looks nicer on the plate, but they have to be chosen very carefully. You pay for the choosing."

Stoddart's Great Fear.

A. E. Stoddart dearly loves his little joke, and he "works" them very neatly. Discussing A. F. Wilding with some other lawn tennis players, Stoddart agreed that he was a very fine player indeed. "And I think," he ended up, "that I am the only man in England who ever beat him two love sets at lawn tennis, and then bowled him out at cricket the same day." "Yes," Stoddart went on gravely, "that was in New Zealand. And he was very good then, considering." Pause. "Did I mention he was only seven?" added Stoddart as he moved off to write a letter.

THE RAMBLER.

LOSS OF SCOUTS' KETCH.

Court Finds There Was Error of Judgment on Part of Hogarth's Master.

In giving judgment in the loss of the ketch *Mirror*, Mr. Symmings, the metropolitan police magistrate, said yesterday that the Court were of opinion that the *Mirror* was navigated with proper and seamanlike care, and that the Hogarth was not navigated with proper and seamanlike care.

The *Mirror* was lost with four lives after a collision in the Thames at Gravesend Reach on October 25 with the steamship *Hogarth*, of Aberdeen.

Mr. Symmings said the judgment of the Court was that neither the serious damage to the *Mirror* nor the loss of life was caused by the wrongful act or default of the master of the *Mirror* or of the master of the *Hogarth*.

Both were caused by an error of judgment, not amounting to wrongful default, on the part of the master of the *Hogarth* in putting his helm to port under the *Mirror's* stern while the vessels were too close together for that manoeuvre to be successful.

While of opinion that it was possible that more lives might have been saved had the master of the *Mirror* remained on his vessel to assist in saving those on board, the Court, on the evidence, did not find that the life of any of the four persons drowned was lost through his wrongful act or default.

The Court found that many of those saved owed their lives to the bravery and self-sacrifice of Assistant Scoutmaster Fowler, who survived, to Assistant Scoutmaster Cornall, who was lost, and probably also to Sea Scout H. C. Witt, who went down with the wreck.

CUPID HANDKERCHIEFS.

New Idea for Wedding Souvenirs—Bouquets Replaced by Buttonholes.

Ermine and pearls are worn very much at weddings the present season.

At a recent important wedding most of the women present wore long stoles of ermine or little short ties of that material and pearl necklaces. Hardly any coloured jewellery was seen at all.

More pearl necklaces are being worn than ever and where pearls are the chosen ornaments of a guest she usually has white flowers.

Very few guests at weddings now carry bouquets, but the present fashion is to have a small button-hole or spray just tucked into the corsage.

The waist-belt nosegay seems to have gone out of favour also, and so have those quaint little Early-Victorian posies which everybody wore last year.

The pretty idea of distributing flowers among the guests is likely to continue at the weddings of 1914.

At one time souvenirs of a wedding were only sold to the public on the occasion of a royal ceremony, but now at almost all the important weddings souvenirs are offered by street hawkers.

These usually are paper handkerchiefs, which at one time were adorned with floral borders and the portraits and history of the bride and bridegroom.

The newest kind of "handkerchief souvenir" seen by *The Daily Mirror* had no printed photographs, but pictures of little Cupids carelessly shooting arrows in all directions, lovers' knots and roses.

Another idea that is being revived at weddings is to pin the button-hole to the corsage.

EXPECTED HER DEATH.

Inquest Story of a Woman's Premonition of Her Fate.

The tragedy of a missing handbag was told at an inquest at Westminster yesterday concerning the death of Mrs. Bridget O'Sullivan, aged fifty-nine, a widow, who lived at Burghley-street, Kentish Town.

A daughter living at Hampstead said her mother never went out without her handbag, in which, in addition to keys and loose change, she carried an addressed envelope in case she was seized with fatal illness—an eventuality she always anticipated. It was impossible that she should have gone out without it, but it had not been found.

Police-constable Bedford said he saw Mrs. O'Sullivan in Kingsway being supported by a medical student, who told him that her condition was very serious. Witness conveyed her to Charing Cross Hospital, but she was pronounced dead on arrival at that institution.

There was no sign of any handbag, said witness. The coroner told the jury that it was possible deceased might have left the bag in the tramway-car on the way down from Kentish Town, and the sudden excitement at the discovery of her loss might have brought on the fatal attack of heart failure. It was, however, equally possible that somebody had snatched the bag from her with a similar result. The mystery would probably never be solved.

Medical evidence showed death was due to syncope, and a verdict of Death from natural causes was returned.

KIPPERS IN DANGER.

Those from Loch Fyne May Disappear from the Breakfast Table Menu.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

GLASGOW, Feb. 10.—Grievous news comes from Loch Fyne.

The kipper of Loch Fyne, the noblest kipper of all, is in danger of disappearing from the breakfast table menu.

His popularity and the fact that he never is "out of season," or "Off the bill, sir," is the cause of the peril.

A meeting of fishermen has been held at Lochgilphead to consider what could be done to prevent the Loch Fyne kipper becoming by its scarcity a luxury of the rich. It was agreed that a close season was necessary to prevent the diminution of the kipper supply.

It was pointed out at the meeting that in 1892 there were 235 skiffs engaged in the industry between Minard and Tarbert, and about 1,000 men, while to-day there were only 118 boats and about 500 men.

London is fond of the famous Loch Fyne kippers. The late Queen Victoria introduced the kipper into fashionable society, and now from Mayfair and Park-lane there come steady demands for a supply of the fish.

On Page 11—Rules for Choosing a Hat (Academy of Shopping Series); Washing the Silver; and Mothers or Teachers?

No. 95

HOW BEST TO GET TO THE WEST OF PADDINGTON.

From the Paddington Station of the Bakerloo join motor-bus No. 7 or 32 for Westbourne Grove and Ladbroke Grove.

THROUGH TICKETS— MOTOR-BUS AND UNDERGROUND.

These can be obtained on and from February 9th, at any Bakerloo Station for the throughout journey and on the motor-buses of Nos. 7 and 32 routes.

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The London General Omnibus Co., Ltd.,
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VIGORAL Well known Scenes No. 2



DINING HALL AT A PUBLIC SCHOOL

Beef Tea at its best

is always popular with boys at school. They particularly like that delicious, stimulating beef tea which you can make in a moment with Vigoral Cubes and boiling water.

Vigoral Cubes

Ask your Chemist or Grocer for a tin of Vigoral Cubes, or buy them singly to try.

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A Wonderful Toilet Cream.

ICILMA CREAM is the only cream in the world containing the wonderful Icilma Natural Water which stimulates the skin and creates beauty from within. This fact at once establishes its supreme position among toilet creams and explains (1) *Why* it is so vastly different to other preparations and (2) *How* it brings about so much better results.

But the presence of this Icilma Natural Water (we guarantee a large percentage in every pot) is only one reason for the immense superiority of Icilma Cream. There are many other reasons, among which are the following:—

1. *Its high Quality.* Icilma Cream costs only a shilling a pot, but if it cost a sovereign it couldn't be better in quality. The materials from which it is made are the best for the purpose that it is possible to obtain at any price, and it really does all that we claim for it. If your skin is dull, sallow, dry or greasy, if your hands are red, hard and rough, if your complexion is spoiled by weather changes, use Icilma Cream to improve them. And if your hands and complexion are all that you wish them to be, use Icilma Cream to keep them so.

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3. *Its Perfect freshness.* Icilma Cream is the largest and most rapidly selling toilet cream in this country. This directly benefits all who use it, because it ensures that none of the goodness of Icilma Cream is lost through its being stale.

Icilma Cream

(Guaranteed not to grow hair).

1/- and 1/9 per pot everywhere. Icilma is pronounced Eye-silma.

Test It Free. A dainty sample, together with a wonderful Book on Beauty (telling all you need to know about the care of the skin, hair, teeth, etc.) will be sent to any address on receipt of a postcard.

ICILMA CO., Ltd., (Dept. B.), 39, King's Road, St. Pancras, London, N.W.

How much I might have saved with

WOOD-MILNE RUBBER HEELS.

Try one pair of boots with "Wood-Milnes"—one pair without and wear them alternately. Then you'll see!

Besides, the "Wood-Milne" pair retain their shape—don't get strained by wearing down at heel—look smarter all the time.

And if you have a family bill to settle the sooner you have "Wood-Milnes" for them all the happier you'll be!

But only if you get the genuine "Wood-Milnes."

N.B.—If you golf try the 'White Chief'—a wonderful two shillings' worth.



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Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1914.

LAW AND SUICIDE.

IT is a commonplace that the more you get to know about a thing, the less you can say concerning it. A man who is credited by the ignorant with "knowing all about it" can seldom answer a straight question in an intelligible manner on any point connected with what he knows. The entrance to the wood of knowledge is open, easy; as you go on, the trees darken over the thickening undergrowth. Thus metaphysics, for example, have been defined as the art of losing one's way methodically.

One gets a sufficiently lucid illustration of such losing one's way according to the best rules from the Law and legal definitions.

Suicide, for instance—how dreadfully human a thing that is! Not natural, you may say, for suicide is rare—is even doubtfully existent—amongst our brothers the animals; and more often a wonderful persistence is seen in those so-called lower orders; as with the plants that, thwarted and cramped in every corner, yet do still contrive to bend and struggle up; until they drink the light and see their father the sun. Not natural is suicide, precisely; but "human, all too human." It is nowadays, in the West at least, a matter of emotion; not closely reasoned upon, not done according to convention and Stoic system, as it was in Rome, or still is in Japan. Emotion leads it—a certain bitterness of feeling; accompanied by an uneasy balancing in thought between the things making for continuance, the things making for an end. The end is attempted; and, as the tradition has died out or never been established in the West, the unhappy being muddles it. And then the Law steps in.

The Law is eminently inhuman; elaborate, learned. It would be amusing, if it were not sad, to see the Law dealing, according to its definitions, with suicide. But even its definitions here are not determined. In a case before the Court of Criminal Appeal, reported yesterday, there was a long dialogue between Judge and Counsel concerning definitions. Was suicide a misdemeanour? Counsel couldn't say offhand—not without looking up Somebody or Something. Was it a felony? It must have been a felony, if it wasn't a misdemeanour. It was *felo de se*, whatever that may mean; and presumably it means felony, because "*felo*" looks like "*felony*"; but how could it be indictable.

So they ran on; and the Suicide, eminently human, heard them, for he, like many others, had muddled it.

And now see how clever the Law is—but how inhuman!

The poor fellow had presumably been so far punished by the mystery we call life, as to prefer all things and anything to life. He had tried to kill himself. What does the Law conclude? Why surely that he must be punished still further! Six months with hard labour was the first sentence—now changed to six months' detention in prison by the Court of Criminal Appeal. How improving to a suicide, how likely to make life seem worth while to him!

He has promised, no doubt, like the girl in Daudet, "not to do it again." And meanwhile he can remember that mere Detention provides at least a six months' quietness for the wounded spirit that found the unceasing fight called Liberty too much for it.

W. M.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

HOME AND SCHOOL.

"MOTHER" can rest assured that home influence is far better for the boy at school than the best boarding school that was ever in existence. Among the boys at any large boarding school there are nearly always to be found a few of the most undesirable class, and the harm that these can do ought always to be checked by home influence.

EDUCATION.

HOME influence is regrettably left out of our scheme of education for boys. It need not, as "F. T." seems to suppose, be a mollifying influence. But nearly always—even if the parents are foolish—it is at least something to counterbalance the harshness and cynicism that always exist at school amongst boys who are afraid of

THE BUSINESS GIRL'S CIGARETTE.

IS it not a very curious instance of masculine egoism that so many men everywhere hold up their hands and affect to be shocked when they see girls smoking, yet are not in the least ashamed to smoke, and to smoke incessantly, themselves?

What is good for men, you see, is most evidently not good for women!

I am one of several hard-working girls in a family where all are workers. Like my brothers, I enjoy a cigarette after a long day's work. There is only this difference between us that, whereas they smoke cheap Virginia and smoke it incessantly, I only smoke two or three cigarettes a day, and those of a mild and wholesome Turkish tobacco. Yet our mother is very angry with me and says it disgusts her to see a woman with a cigarette between her lips. I fail utterly to see what should be the vulgarity in a woman smoking.

BOYS IN THE IDEAL BUSINESS SCHOOL OF THE FUTURE.



We are always being told nowadays that education is not sufficiently business-like. In the really practical school of the future, boys will be trained to do precisely the things that they will be expected to do in later life.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

being laughed at if they show any of the tenderest feelings.
Parkside, Wimbledon.

I am told that the best people in Petersburg do it And in Russia men are not such hypocrites.
A GIRL WHO SMOKES.

RIVER OF TIME.

Happily, the River of Time,
As it flows, as the towns on its marge
Pling their waning lights
On a wider-stellar stream—
May acquire, if not the calm
Of its early mountainous shore,
Yet a solemn peace of its own

And the width of the waters, the hush
Of the grey expanse where he floats,
Pressing its current and opined with foam
As it draws to the Dean, may strike
Peace to the soul of the man on its breast:
As the pale Waste widens around him—
As the bridle, fide slimmer away—
As the stars come out, and the night wind
Brings up the stream
Murmurs and scents of the infinite Sea.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

I look for the new teacher, that shall follow so far the shining love, that he shall see them come full circle; shall see their rounding complete grace; shall see the world to be the mirror of the soul; shall see the identity of the law of gravitation with purity of heart; and shall show that the Ought, that duty, is one thing with science, with beauty and with joy.—Emerson.

TO-DAY'S DINNER-TABLE TOPICS.

The heresy controversy wisely postponed by the decision of a statesman Prime Minister. What you feel about the action of the Bishops of Zurich and how the English Church can reconcile evangelism and "High Church" opinion in this and other matters.
How long is the ideal dinner?
If amongst mere grovelling meat may be amusing to add.
What was the best dinner you ever ate and where you ate it.

OUR READERS' OPINIONS.

More Experiences of Emigrants and Others Who Discuss Overcrowding.

HAVING been in North-West Canada, working on one of the old-time ranches, which are all mostly turned into mixed farms now, and having worked amongst Canadians, Americans and Swedes, I find that the man that most dislikes work is the Britisher.

He does not seem able to adapt himself to any kind of work or job. He wants to continue his old form of occupation that he had when in England. If he has been a wagner or a cowman he wants to be the same in Canada, but he finds when he gets on the ranch that they expect him to be able to do every kind of farm work, such as

to attend to the milking, to the horses, and also to be able to do any kind of work in the field, such as ploughing, harrowing, drilling, binding and mowing; in fact, to do everything pertaining to farm cultivation. But generally he won't do it. So, of course, the foreigner takes his place, and he is left to roam the town streets.

If the Englishman would swallow some of his pride when he arrives on Canadian soil and try to be on more equal terms with his fellow foreign emigrants he would be more popular. As it is, he lets the snags go by to the foreigner, and then knocks the country, as the Canadians say, and says Canada is no good.

How is it that the American farmer is emigrating in such large numbers? Surely he is a wise enough man to recognise a good thing when he sees it.

INCREASE AND MULTIPLY.

WITHOUT being unfair to Canada, as I myself am a citizen of Toronto, I must endorse all that "F. S." says in his concise letter on the subject of emigration. And to all men having business and social situations here in old England I would say, "stay." Money has been, and is likely to continue for a long time yet, very tight throughout Canada. Thousands of men are out of work in all Canadian cities.

This unfortunate condition will improve as the spring advances, but with the closing of the harvest season the out-of-work flock again to the towns, swelling the army of the unemployed.

My husband and I are among those to whom Canada has been kind (inasmuch as he has constant and good employment, we have a nice home and comfort, but it will not be farm work, nor did we land in Canada with merely the regulation sum of money, that so many thousands have only), but our hearts ache again and again for the thousands—yes, thousands—who Canada is not kind to. "F. S." is quite correct in his figures, and I might add in November, in Toronto 2,500 were out of work. Since then, my husband writes me, "that the distress and unemployment is terrible. Free breakfasts and loaves of bread are being distributed daily, long queues waiting." Much as I deplore the overcrowding and poverty in dear old England, I see no sense in asking or advising people to take a 4,000-mile journey to help swell the ranks of the overcrowded and unemployed where the thermometer plays pranks between zero and 30deg below, and the snow lies on the ground from November till April.
Guildford.
(Mrs.) J. STRINGER.

IN MY GARDEN.

FEB. 10.—That beautiful hybrid tea rose Mme. Melanie Souper gives us such exquisite flowers (saffron yellow, suffused with pink and carmine) and is so reliable, that its new climbing form will be welcomed by all rose lovers. It is a fine rose for a sunny wall.
The climbing forms of Mrs. Grant (pink) and Caroline Testout (soft pink) are also grand roses for arches, the former being quite indispensable.
Arlis Rover (crimson) and Mme. A. Carriere (pale white) should be seen in all gardens, as they give an abundance of beautifully shaped and coloured blooms.
E. F. L.

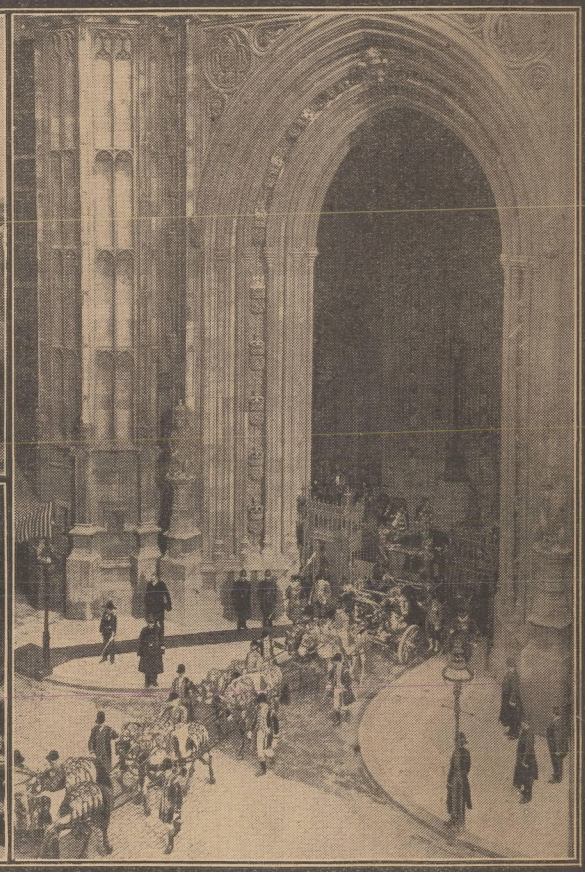
PAGEANT IN THE SUN AT THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.



The privileged police dog had a splendid view.

Their Majesties in the historic gilt state coach.

February borrowed a day from summer yesterday, and the sun flashed on the gilded coach in which their Majesties drove to Westminster and the cuirasses of the escort of the Life



Leaving the House of Lords.

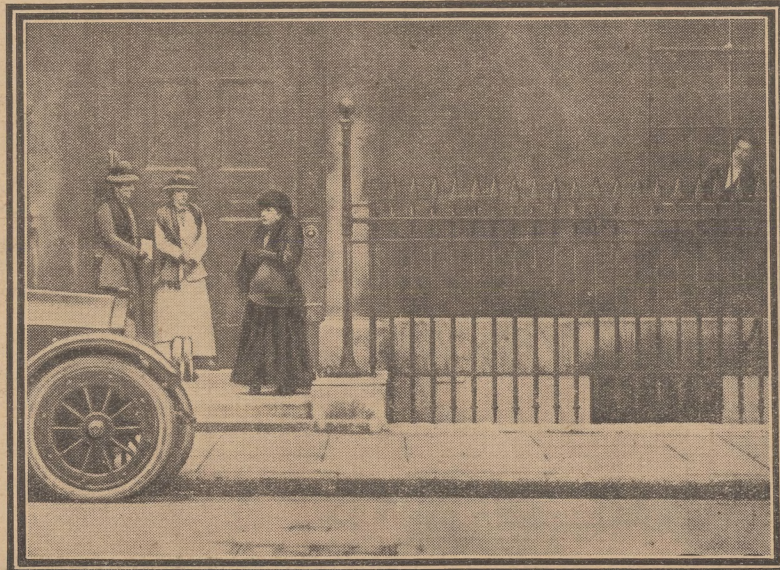
Guards. The privileged "dog policeman" has a number, I H R, which means Whitechapel Reserve on his collar, and lives at Leman-street Station.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

SCHOOL ON FIRE.



John Radbone, aged thirteen, who was remanded at Brentford on a charge of maliciously setting fire to Christ Church Schools, Ealing. "I saw two boys get in at the window to set the place on fire," he said yesterday.

BISHOP'S FOOTMAN KEEPS WATCH FOR SUFFRAGETTES.



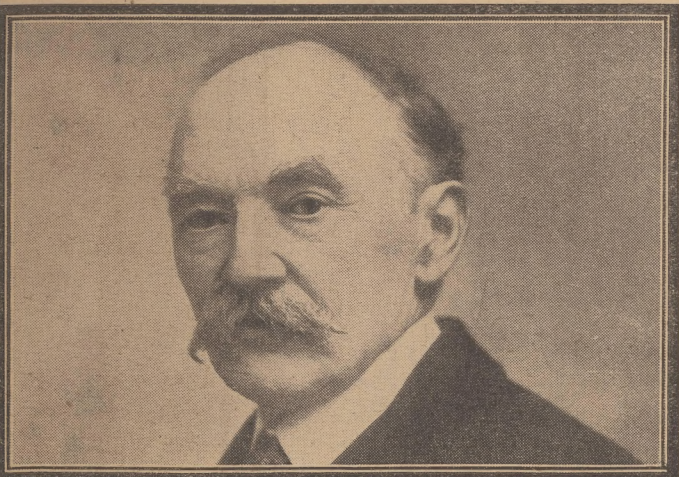
The deputation of suffragettes which tried to interview the Bishop of London yesterday waiting on the doorstep. They were not unexpected, and every time a knock was heard the footman looked out of the window. As Dr. Ingram was not at home they were not admitted.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

POLICE SEIZE KITE.



The police climb a roof and secure a kite which was seen floating behind Westminster Abbey as their Majesties arrived at St. Stephen's yesterday. Attached to it was a flag with the words "What About South Africa" on it.

MR. THOMAS HARDY, THE NOVELIST, MARRIES HIS SECRETARY.



Mr. Hardy.

Mr. Thomas Hardy, England's most famous living novelist, and the last of the Victorian giants, was quietly married at Enfield yesterday to Miss Florence Emily Dugdale, who for some time has been acting as his secretary. She, too, is an author, her forte being chil-



Mrs. Hardy.

dren's tales. Mr. Hardy, whose wonderful Wessex tales are among the finest things in our literature, lives at Dorchester, which he has immortalised as "Casterbridge." He is in his seventy-fourth year.—(Elliott and Fry.)

DECREE FOR MARCELINE.



Mr. Garrick. Marceline.

Mr. Marcelin Orbes (Marceline, the famous clown) was granted a decree nisi yesterday. Mr. H. W. Garrick was co-respondent.

SWEDEN'S KING TO ABDICATE?



King Gustav and his consort.



The Crown Prince and Princess Patricia.

Rumour said yesterday that King Gustav was to abdicate in favour of the Crown Prince, who married Princess Margaret of Connaught.

SIR JOHN BELL REMARRIES AT SEVENTY.



Sir John Bell, Bart., a former Lord Mayor of London, and his bride (Miss Ellen James), leaving St. James's, Piccadilly, after their wedding, at which only twelve persons were present. Sir John is seventy years of age.

THE FIRST STRAW HAT.



The wearer of the first straw hat of the year enjoying the sunshine in St. James's Park yesterday.

Better than the Confectioners'
are the cakes made with
Cakeoma
—the perfect cake-flour.

IT'S so easy to make the most delicious cakes and dainties with Cakeoma, because it contains all the dry ingredients that are wanted. No weighing out—no guess-work—no trouble—some mixing by the Cakeoma way.

And because of the absolute purity of everything that goes to the making of Cakeoma you get the most deliciously light cakes imaginable at much less cost than you can buy them. Try Cakeoma next baking day.

Cakeoma is sold by all Grocers and Stores at 3½d. per packet of about 1½lb.

Recipes are enclosed in each bag—a book containing many additional ones and also valuable hints on baking, free on receipt of postcard to—

Latham & Co. Ltd., Liverpool.

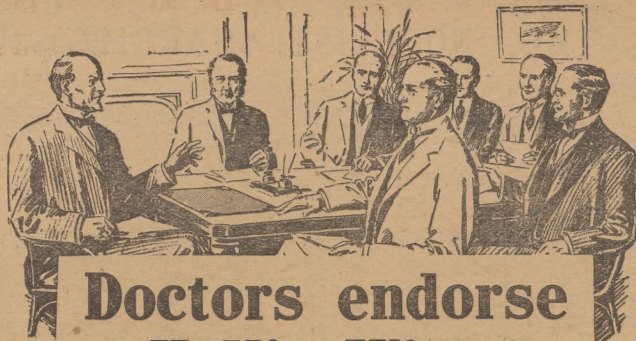
Sowing and Reaping

In the matter of baby's food, you sow this year for the reaping of a lifetime. There is a right food for your baby. Take pains to choose the right. Baby cannot possibly digest starch. Use Mellin's, and you have a Food absolutely Starch free.

Perhaps you incline to the use of cow's milk alone, believing that this, at least, is digestible and nutritive! Nutritive it certainly is, but not digestible for a young baby. Modify cow's milk with Mellin's Food, and it becomes wholly nutritive and digestible, and a reliable substitute for breast milk. A perfect food for a baby from birth, the food that is scientifically correct.

Mellin's Food

A sample of Mellin's Food, with a book of great interest to mothers, sent Free.
MELLIN'S FOOD, LTD., PECKHAM, S.E.



Doctors endorse Hall's Wine

Important advice to the ailing!

Illness is always prevalent at this time of the year. Members of almost every household are down with Influenza, Colds, Bronchitis, or still more serious trouble—due partly to the weather, but chiefly to the fact that *they were already run-down!*

How much trouble, anxiety, and expense might have been avoided by a short course of Hall's Wine. Hall's Wine, by enriching and "toning-up" the blood, assisting digestion, promoting assimilation, and strengthening the entire system, provides the finest possible safeguard against weather attacks. Read the doctors' messages we print here. Are they not convincing enough to encourage every run-down man or woman to try Hall's Wine without another day's delay?

WHAT THE DOCTORS SAY:

(The authenticity of every Testimonial is vouched for and may be verified at our offices)

'Hall's Wine is the most useful and dependable restorative we have.'

'Hall's Wine has arrested many a breakdown due to overwork or worry.'

'In cases of debility following Influenza, Hall's Wine works wonders.'

'Hall's Wine is an exceptionally good thing for convalescents, particularly in Winter.'

'My patients invariably gain strength by taking Hall's Wine, I always take it when run-down.'

'For mental and physical exhaustion, I know nothing better than Hall's Wine.'

It is impossible to take Hall's Wine without being benefited.

Hall's Wine

THE SUPREME TONIC RESTORATIVE

NOTE THIS GUARANTEE.—Buy a bottle of Hall's Wine to-day. If you feel no real benefit after taking half of it, return us the half-empty bottle within fourteen days and we will refund your entire outlay.

Extra large size, 3/6; smaller size, 2/-. Sold by all Wine Merchants, and licensed Grocers and Chemists.

SOLE PROPRIETORS: STEPHEN SMITH & COMPANY, LIMITED, BOW, LONDON.

Wake up your Lazy Liver

Get rid of Constipation—stop moping around, and get some vim, vigor and vitality into you.

CARTER'S Little Liver PILLS

quickly act on liver, stomach and bowels, and chase away despondency and lassitude. Millions use them. You ought to.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.
The GENUINE must bear signature



Brent Good



A GLOSSY BLACKNESS

ON your grate is easily obtainable if you use Gipsy Black Lead. Costing no more than ordinary black leads, it blackens, brightens, beautifies in half the time.

GIPSY BLACK LEAD

means more leisure and greater pleasure in your housework. It goes on hot or cold stoves and does not crack or peel off. And its lovely lustre lasts.

If you prefer it as a paste in tins ask for Gipsy Grate Gloss. Send a POST CARD for FREE SAMPLE, giving your own and your dealer's name, to Dept. B. 23.

HARGREAVES BROS. & CO. LTD.
Makers of "GLOSSO," the One-Minute Metal Polish

HULL

BUT

IT MUST BE
'GIPSY'



Here's a treat!

Sweets are good for everybody—but the sweets must be pure. The Creemy Boy. Sharp's Creemy Toffee is just the purest and most nourishing sweetmeat you can buy. In addition, it has a delicious flavour which you don't get with any other toffee—not even the best of them.

Sharp's Creemy Toffee

Creemy Works, Maidstone.

NEWEST, PUREST, & BEST OF ALL.



RULES FOR CHOOSING A HAT.

Right Hat Makes Plain Woman Good-Looking—Wrong One Turns Pretty to Plain.

TILT AND EXPRESSION.

If There Is No Sparkle in the Face There Must Be Sparkle in the Hat.

One of the most important subjects to be dealt with in *The Daily Mirror* demonstrations of scientific shopping is that of "Buying a Hat."

The first demonstration will take place at eleven o'clock to-morrow morning, in the millinery salon of Messrs. Derry and Toms, High-street, Kensington, where Mr. F. S. Comer, head of the department, will act as lecture demonstrator.

There will be a further demonstration at three o'clock in the afternoon for readers who may find it inconvenient to attend in the morning.

All women who wish to learn at first hand the guiding principles which they should follow in the choice of their hats will be welcome at either the morning or afternoon session. No tickets are required.

By means of hats of many varying styles—the latest creations for the coming season—shown on the heads of many different types of women, the demonstrations will illustrate the laws which should govern the relationship between the woman and the hat.

I DO NOT WASTE A "PERFECT SPECIMEN."

For it is not every woman who can wear any type of hat, even though the hats themselves are perfect specimens of the milliner's art. Whether the new hat costs a few shillings or ten guineas, regard must be paid to its shape, size, "tilt" and colour in conjunction with the figure, complexion, hair and features of its wearer.

Not only will the right hats be shown on the right women, but also on wrong types, so that the spectators may see exactly where it is that so many women go wrong in their choice of millinery.

"The woman with the perfect oval profile," said Messrs. Derry and Toms yesterday, "will look well in any kind of hat, but she is an exception. The great majority of women must study their type and choose their hats accordingly."

"This is why the right hat will make a plain woman good-looking and a good-looking woman handsome. On the other hand, the wrong hat turns a pretty woman into a plain one."

STUDY YOUR TYPE.

Here are some of the principal rules which should be observed to insure that the new hat shall be really becoming.

The woman with the nicely-rounded full face will be safe in choosing almost any type of round hat. A particularly good choice for her this season, however, is the tricorne, which, in a variety of forms, is to be a leading feature of continental millinery.

The narrow-faced woman, on the other hand, should avoid the perfectly round hat which will be out of proportion and tend to accentuate her sharp contour. She should aim at a long-shaped hat, a good instance of which is the boat-shape.

A shade of hat which frequently suits the narrow-faced as well as the full-faced woman is the modified sailor.

A woman with prominent features should endeavour to tone them down. The great mistakes made by many women of this type is to choose a narrow-brimmed hat, which affords no shade to the features, or a hat with an extinguisher brim.

Women with plenty of hair, dressed softly over their temples, look their best in small close-fitting toques, which, however, should be suitably avoided if the hair is drawn back from the face.

The small woman should avoid an overwhelming hat. Perhaps the worst mistake she can and not infrequently does, make is to wear a hat with a brim which protrudes behind. Such a hat is extremely unbecoming on a small woman, and has the effect of reducing her height by several inches.

The round, dumpy, short lady should always avoid exaggerated styles, and would be wise in choosing a small round hat.

The tall woman should be careful not to accentuate her height. She may, nevertheless, wear a large hat, provided breadth, not height, is its feature.

CLEAR LINES FOR BRIGHT WOMAN.

Few women are aware that even "expression" can be fitted by the clever milliner. It is, in fact, one of the most important points in hat-buying, and every woman would do well, before visiting her milliner, to study her expression in the looking-glass.

The moment a woman with bright expression, good eyes, and altogether vivacious and "alive," enters a show-room the artist-milliner looks around for a hat which is chic in style, with clear, uninterrupted lines. In such a case the "expression" is the dominant attraction, to which the hat should form a harmonious setting.

A dull expression, on the other hand, may be brightened up by a judicious touch of colour in the trimming. If there is no sparkle in the face there must be sparkle in the hat.

A LADY OFFERS

to graciously tell how she was cured of rheumatism, stomach and liver troubles by a powerful, quick-acting, simple remedy. During a trip on the Continent a physician prescribed the remedy to her with such magnificent results that she feels it her duty to communicate the wonderful secret to all who wish for the information. Please address inquiries to Miss C. c. Melva, 28, Victoria-street, London, S.W. The information will be cheerfully given by return post.—(Adv.)

WASHING THE SILVER.

Speedy Process Which Dispenses with Necessity for Rubbing with Powder.

Silverware cleaned in a few moments without rubbing!

That is the pleasant prospect opened by the discovery of a new process involving the use of a powder, a small sheet of metal and a bowl of boiling water.

The powder, composed of a mixture of washing soda and salt, is made up in small packages and is accompanied by the sheet of metal, which is an electric series.

'DAILY MIRROR' DEMONSTRATIONS

TO-MORROW.—"How to Choose a Hat." 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. Messrs. Derry and Toms, High-street, Kensington.

MONDAY NEXT.—"Hairdressing in Relation to New Spring Millinery." 3 p.m. At Selfridge's, Oxford-street.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.—"How to Choose a Fashion" (lecture demonstration with new spring models). 3 p.m. At Whiteley's, Westbourne-grove.

alloy of aluminium and other metals high in the electric series.

All that the housewife or her maid has to do is to put the powder into the boiling water and then put in the sheet of metal among the silver articles.

The cleaning is accomplished almost as soon as the metal touches the silver. Directly the articles

TEACHER OR MOTHER?

Can School Lessons in Sex Hygiene to Girls Be Avoided with Safety?

WHAT CHILDREN HEAR.

After hundreds of letters in favour of the teaching of sex hygiene to girls at school, scores are now being received daily by *The Daily Mirror* protesting against any "interference" by teachers with the rights of mothers.

Opinion is thus divided amongst the parents who have taken part in this correspondence:—

The majority wish the teacher to tell if the mother does not, but most prefer that the mother should tell rather than the teacher, and many object to class lessons, though some think teachers are better fitted to give instruction than mothers.

About two in ten would not have school instruction given in any case.

A small but strongly-convicted section would leave the matter to "instinct" or "gradual disclosure by desirable companions."

A selection of letters is given below. The discussion, it will be remembered, was started by the protest of mothers at Dronfield, Derbyshire, against the teaching of sex hygiene by Miss Outram in the village school.

MOTHER, TEACHER, OR SERVANT?

Mothers don't realise to what extent children hear and ponder upon the conversations of servants.

What the writer heard as a child in this way made so



AFTERNOON TEA

The Cup that Cheers.

A perfect example of the "Cup that Cheers" is to be obtained by using the choice blends of Lipton's Tea—unequalled for aroma and flavour.

Prepared to suit the water of the various districts of the United Kingdom.

Blended scientifically and weighed and packed by the most up-to-date machinery under conditions of absolute cleanliness.

DRINK and ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

The Finest the World can produce 1/9
Delicious leading blends, 1/6 & 1/4

SAVE THE WRAPPER

Branches & Agencies Everywhere

Please send a Post Card for the Name of nearest Branch or Agency.

LIPTON Ltd.,

Tea Growers, Chief Offices: CITY ROAD, CEYLON. LONDON.

Colonial Outfits

200 - Page Catalogue

containing 1,000 illustrations of articles of value to the Colonist, manufactured here in our Liverpool Factories, showing a saving of 25% at least, and including free delivery on board ship. Send for the above to—

J. LANGDON & SONS, Langdon Buildings, LIVERPOOL.

FURNISHED COTTAGES FOR SIXPENCE A WEEK



Cottages at Bishop's Stortford which are let, completely furnished, at weekly rentals of 6d. and 9d. Twenty-four of these dwellings have been erected by Sir Walter Gilbey and by the executors of the will of Admiral F. V. Moulen.

are cleaned the metal should be washed in hot water and dried, in order to keep it serviceable. The silver itself should also be washed in pure hot water and dried, or it may have a slightly yellow colour.

TO-DAY'S BRIDE AND HER DRESS

Mr. Geoffrey Bosanquet, son of Sir Albert Bosanquet K.C., Common Sergeant of London, and Miss Mildred Simeon, daughter of Mr. Hugh Barrington Simeon, of Wetherby Mansions, Earl's Court, will be married to-day at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.

Some beautiful Brussels lace, lent by her mother, is to be worn by the bride with her wedding gown of soft brocaded satin. Four bridesmaids will have pink satin dresses, with tunics of pink tulle and black hats trimmed with pink tulle.

"DAILY MIRROR" BEAUTIES.—No. 92.



To you recognise the original of this pretty pose? If so, add her name to your list. We do not disclose the identity, the task of finding it out being left to our readers. Prizes of £10 and 100 books will be awarded to those sending in the complete lists of the names of the originals, with the best summary of their merits, at the end of the twenty-six weeks during which the portraits are appearing.—(Bassano.)

deep an impression on her that in later life she tried prayerfully and carefully to instruct her own family in all they wanted to know. The result was that they confided in their mother in every difficulty.

When a mother refuses the duty, then it should be undertaken by the teacher, but not until then, and not in a class. Edinburgh. O.P. LADY.

RELYING ON INSTINCT.

We all know that at a certain age instinct teaches the child what is right from wrong. If the child is not guided by such, then it is most decidedly the duty of the parent to instruct the child, but at a respectable age and in a proper manner. E. M. P.

"MY DAUGHTER SHALL NOT BE TOLD."

I cannot think how any right-minded, modest woman can withhold Miss Outram's address. These matters ought to be told to the mothers—to tell their daughters when they think fit.

I am determined, my own daughter shall be kept ignorant of these matters at least until she is sixteen. A girl's innocence is her greatest safeguard. C. P.

WHAT OUR CONSCIENCES TELL.

I hope all decent-feeling mothers will rise up and condemn once and for all such teaching in our schools. Our own consciences tell us that children know too much in that respect already, without being taught more. I agree that it is every mother's duty to warn a girl when she arrives at an age to understand. Till then let them alone. A MOTHER OF SEVEN.

"DESIRABLE COMPANIONS."

I cannot agree that a schoolmistress is the proper person to impart knowledge to girls about to leave school on "the crisis of life." When a girl reaches the age of twelve to fourteen years it should be the duty of her mother to see that the associates with desirable companions of about her own age and a little older, in this way surroundings and nature gradually tend to disclose the secret without shocking a girl's conscience, however innocent and modest she may be. A. L. H.

SHOULD SHE BE TOLD?

Here is a letter worth pondering:— I have just left school, but I have possessed this knowledge for two years. When I was first admitted to my last school I was told everything within a week, and not a day elapsed without one or two girls saying something about the origin of birth. TEENS. Lewisham.

"Her hair may be of any colour God pleases," says Shakespeare's Benedict. The censorious business world says any colour except grey. If greyness has arrived or is arriving, do not wait another day. Seeger's will colour grey or faded hair to any desired shade by simply combing it through. It has a certified annual sale of over 400,000 bottles. A medical certificate accompanies each bottle. If you enclose seven stamps to Higgs, Ltd., 1, Tabernacle-street, London, you will receive a sample bottle privately packed, which will enable you to prove the simplicity of the Seeger method, if it is not already known to you. The full-size bottle of Seeger's is sold by Chemists and Stores everywhere for 2s.—(Adv.)

NEW SERIAL

What Every Woman Forgets.

By HENRY FARMER.

CHAPTER XI. (continued.)

Discipline was getting the upper hand. Constables on foot were pushing, scattering and separating.

"Lend a hand!" wheezed out Cloan.

The two constables appealed to him.

"I want to get her to that car!"

Pushing in front of them, pushing to right and left of them, with shortened arms and opened hands, the two policemen forced a way through Others came to their assistance. Men and women had been wedged close up against the car, powerless for good or evil. But the police got them away, and they crowded a little circle into which Cloan staggered with his burden, and kept off pressure.

Suzanne opened the door. She was very white, and her lips were quivering. A policeman sprang to Cloan's assistance. Suzanne reached out her arms, and managed to get a hold on her sister-in-law and drew her in, and got her on to the back seat. Caroline Cloan, author of "Wild Oats for Women," was unconscious, and snoring away so loudly that Suzanne had an arm round her now. Caroline's close-cropped head dropped on to her sister-in-law's shoulder.

Cloan lumbered into the car, and dropped down dazedly on the front seat.

"We shall get you clear as soon as we can, sir," said one of the constables through the window.

The worst was over.

"Michael," whispered Suzanne, "help me out of this!"

She was wearing a light summer wrap. Cloan helped her out of it clumsily, and Suzanne covered over Caroline.

When Caroline Cloan opened her eyes the car was moving on slowly. Her eyelids flickered. Then as she recognised the face looking down into hers as Suzanne's, her white lips went thin, painfully.

"Getting you to Menzies House, Carrie," said her brother's voice huskily.

Miss Cloan turned her head feebly. The light in her eyes changed. She had seen Michael coming to her through the surge and blur of the street light. It was love, and longing, and love for her brother—lit up her pale eyes. Gratitude found expression on her worn, grey, clawed face.

in the small eyes. A pile of letters attracted them. He gathered them up clumsily with both hands. A couple of letters slipped to the floor. In stooping to pick them up he let the others fall. He muttered so language learned aboard a trading schooner. He put the letters back on the table and spread them out before him, as if they were cards and he playing some form of Patience.

Sight of one caused a narrowing of his eyes. He picked it up. The writing was a woman's. The letter itself had been addressed to him at the Empire Club, where the rule was that no letters were forwarded unless specifically marked so.

"Please forward" was writ large and underlined on the envelope.

He opened the envelope.

"Ja-ja," he read, "waiting—still waiting! What are you doing? Why don't you come or write?"

"Michael!"

He slipped letter and envelope clumsily into a pocket, and turned. His wife had come into the room, saw the empty bottle, the long glass and the cognac decanter.

She was wearing the simple, exquisite gown that had drawn a blunt compliment from him before they set out on their drive—a tall, slender, beautifully-proportioned figure, with just a note of queenliness about it. In the car she had caught a glimpse of him as he had battered and riven his way through to his sister, and he had not seemed ugly and repulsive to her at that moment. Nor had he seemed so when he had come back, his clothes dishevelled and his collar torn, though he had not been a pretty sight. Now he was as repulsive to her as on the night when Kavanagh dined with them.

"I wanted picking up!" he said, making sure that envelope and letter were safely in his pocket.

"But you promised me, you promised Sir John Bonsett. It's so essential, Michael, if you want to get better!"

There was no petty anger, no nagging note in Suzanne's voice. Her higher conscience was calling upon her to reclaim him, save him from himself, if she could, though the call was not easy to obey at this moment.

"You yourself asked me to help you, Michael."

He tried to escape from the subject.

"How's Carrie?" he asked.

"She's lying down. She won't go to bed—as she ought to. She just wants to be left alone. My

PEEVISH, BILIOUS CHILDREN LOVE "CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS."

Harmless "fruit laxative" cleanses tender stomach, liver and bowels without griping.

Don't scold your fretful, peevish child. See if the tongue is coated; this is a sure sign that the little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with bile and imperfectly digested food.

When listless, pale, feverish, with tainted breath, a cold, or a sore throat; if the child does not eat, sleep or act naturally, or has stomach-ache, indigestion or diarrhoea, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the waste matter, bile

and fermenting food will pass out of the bowels, and you have a healthy, playful child again. Children love this harmless "fruit laxative" and mothers can rest easy after giving it, because it never fails to make their little "insides" sweet and wholesome.

Keep it handy, Mother! A little given to-day saves a sick child to-morrow, but get the genuine. Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages, and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Remember there are counterfeits sold here, so look and see that yours is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." Hand back with contempt any other fig syrup. "California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all leading chemists, ls. 14d. and ls. 9d.

LUNG TROUBLE.

FIRM RELIANCE

MAY BE PLACED IN

CONGREVE'S ELIXIR

88 YEARS' UNDIMINISHED REPUTATION AS AN IDEAL MEDICINE FOR LUNG AND BRONCHIAL COMPLAINTS.

A NURSE ATTESTS ITS VALUE.

Nurse Edith Smith, of 10, Herrington-street, Sunderland, writes: "On my return home I found my sister very poorly indeed. I got quite a shock when I saw her; she was so frightfully thin. She had a dreadful cough, and perspired if she moved about. She had been under the Doctor's treatment for weeks. I went straight off and got a bottle of Congreve's Elixir. She has taken several bottles, and the change in her is remarkable. She is stouter, has no cough worth mentioning, does not perspire, and is able to go about again quite all right. Her husband is surprised, and says he will never be without 'Congreve's' in the house."

A DOCTOR'S TESTIMONY.

"Although a medical man, I like to speak the honest truth, and that is, for cough I swear by Congreve's; in fact, I take it myself. F.R.C.S."

"NO SANATORIA WANTED" IF—

Mr. George West, of Exeter, writes: "I had a cold on the chest which had been worrying me for some time. I tried many remedies in vain. Then I decided to try your Elixir, and in gratitude to you I must let you know it has made a new man of me. If everybody took your Elixir there would be no Sanatoria wanted."

CONGREVE'S ELIXIR of all Chemists 1/3, 2/9, 4/6, and 1/- per bottle. G. T. CONGREVE'S book on the Successful Treatment of Consumption, &c., sent free for stamp on application to No. 74, Coombe Lodge, Peckham, London, S.E.

Better Times After a Change in Food

Lack of energy is usually the outward sign of faulty nutrition.

Folks who don't feel "spry" because of lack of the right kind of nourishment

DOCTOR NOT WELL. Proper Food Put Him Right.

"The food experience of a physician in his own case when worn and weak from illness and when needing nourishment, is valuable."

"An attack of influenza so severe it came near making an end of me, left my stomach in such condition I could not retain any ordinary food. I knew, of course, that I must have food nourishment or I could never recover."

"I began to take four teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts and cream or milk three times a day, and for two weeks this was almost my only food; it tasted so delicious that I enjoyed it immensely, and my stomach handled it perfectly from the first mouthful. It was so nourishing I was quickly built back to normal health and strength."

"Grape-Nuts has great value as food to sustain life during serious attacks in which the system is so deranged it cannot digest and assimilate other foods."

"I am convinced that Grape-Nuts more widely-used by physicians will save many lives that are otherwise lost from lack of nourishment."

Pick-Up On Grape-Nuts FOOD

Thousands who know the personal value of clear-thinking and vigorous action, make Grape-Nuts a part of their regular diet.

"There's a Reason."

A NEW SERIAL

JOHN ERLEIGH—SCHOOLMASTER

By CLAUDE MORRIS, Author of "John Bredon, Solicitor," &c.,

BEGINS IN FRIDAY'S "DAILY MAIL."

But her lips tightened again with an expression of indomitability.

"Votes for women!" she whispered. "Military or will still go on!"

She was addressing no one in particular, and she faintly a second time, her head sinking on Suzanne's shoulder.

"Hopeless!" said Cloan, with a husky grunt, intoned with pity and despair, as he was feeling queer himself, and shut his eyes for a moment.

The car and its occupants attracted considerable attention on its way to Menzies House. Cloan, seated forward, was visible. Caroline Cloan was conscious again when the car reached its destination. She had drawn herself away from Suzanne's support as if it caused her more pain than comfort, and leant back in the corner, giving the impression that she wished to put as much space as possible between herself and her sister-in-law.

Cloan studied her. Carrie begged her understanding. This ought to be a lesson to her, but he doubted if it would be. Her first thought on recovering consciousness had been of the continued progress of militancy. Nothing would have converted him to her views, but her indomitableness compelled a kind of pitiful, unwilling admiration.

"I don't want help," she whispered, gathering Suzanne's wrap about her.

Cloan lumbered out first. Folk paused and stared. A little crowd had gathered before Miss Cloan, who did not refuse her brother's help, was going to the house, a strange figure.

Cloan sat down rather heavily on a chair.

"Suzanne will look after you, Carrie."

A footman, with a controlled face, hovered around. Suzanne gave him some quick instructions.

"Look after Carrie. Never mind me."

But Miss Cloan did not wait her sister-in-law's help. Holding the wrap about her closely, she reached the wide staircase alone, though Suzanne kept her company close beside, and went with her up the stairs.

Cloan watched them from sight before he rose slowly. The manservant had returned, but was told to sheer off. Cloan lumbered into the library, dropped into a chair, and then fingered his mouth in a curiously irresolute way. He got up slowly and rang the bell.

"A small bottle of champagne, a long glass and liqueur brandy," he said to the servant.

The mixture as he mixed it was a rather potent pick-me-up.

"That's better," he muttered, as he put down the empty glass.

He hesitated, picked up the cognac decanter and poured a liberal dose into his glass. It went down in a gulp. He breathed out a satisfied sigh. He helped himself to more, and a few moments after it was down his throat the firmness of the strong, rather grim mouth relaxed, yielding to the loose expression Fritz Kavanagh saw and interpreted the night he dined at Menzies House. A glow deepened

maid is going to her flat to fetch some things for her. I wanted her to see a doctor. She went—"

"Contrary as ever, Carrie," Cloan moved unsteadily towards the door. "I'm in a pretty mess myself. I'm going to change—and lie down for a bit. Feel rather shaky."

He looked a little sheepish.

"If I'd not been queer,"—he waved a big hand at the drink paraphernalia—"I should have let it alone."

He held out his arms in a rather drunken way, yet almost contritely. In his condition of health the fumes had mounded to his brain very quickly.

"This is—the exception, Suzanne, I mean it. Come on—kiss us, and say you forgive us."

She closed her eyes for a moment to shut him out from sight.

"No," she whispered. "I can't—not as you are now, Michael. I'm sorry—but I can't!"

She could forgive him, yes. But to kiss him—as he was now! To feel the horror of a drunken embrace, drink-laden breath beating against her features—

He had turned round, and was lurching back to the table, whereon stood the cognac and glass.

He gurgled out neat brandy.

"Very well," he laughed thickly. "Here's hell to unsettle—reformation—"

She reached him, her expression very white and frozen, took the glass from him, and threw its contents on the floor. She had heard a devil's voice whispering: Let him alone! Why interfere? Hasn't Sir John told you that if he does not pull up he will literally kill himself?

And for all the swiftness of it, she had known a temptation to do so; but the higher instinct had conquered—to save. There was something still worth saving in him.

An oath slipped from Cloan; there was a drawing back of one arm. But she did not flinch. She drew herself up to her full height and eyed him straightly with her dark eyes.

His arm went loose and dropped.

"I'm sorry," he mumbled thickly. "I ought to be—ought to be ashamed of myself." He fingered his forehead. "A little seems—to get there—in no time. I'll go—and sleep it off."

He caught her hand and pressed it to his lips. "You're too good for me!"

He rocked giddily and clutched her arm, so steadying himself, a most incongruous figure in the large, handsomely furnished room, an ugly contrast to the beautiful, stony-faced woman beside him.

"I'll hang on to you, Suzanne. It's not all—drink—my head's something to do with it."

A servant with a tray in his hand emerged. The butler and a footman had given notice since Kavanagh dined at Menzies House.

"My word!" was the servant's silent comment, his countenance remaining immobile, "he looks as if he had been turned out of a public-house. Of all the households I've ever been in!"

(To be continued.)

THIS MORNING'S NEWS ITEMS.



EVERY WOMAN PERFECT.

The Way to Banish Ailments that Destroy Health and Beauty.

Every woman is—or should be—idolised as a queen in the home. With health and beauty to support her, she sways a sceptre that knows of no rival power.

But when ill-health saps the life and spirits of the wife and mother, home ceases to be "Home, Sweet Home." The sweetest-tempered woman may be affected by nervous troubles, the most lovely complexion ruined by Anæmia, Blood Troubles, Indigestion or Weakness.

There is special help ready for suffering women in the physician's prescription from which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are compounded, and many a serious illness has been avoided by a prompt course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for they enrich and purify the blood, and so build up the system and invigorate the vital organs. Thus your spirits will brighten. Your steps will lighten, your tongue will cleanse itself, your appetite pick-up, your digestion improve and you will feel as though you were another being altogether. Thousands of the sex can confirm this statement. Read the following instance:—

Mrs. Mary Hallas, of 7 Swingate, Grantham, states:—"My nerves went to rack-and-ruin, the saying goes, because I was bloodless and could not find a cure. First my appetite failed; then exertion made my heart bump painfully; I had headaches, and was so breathless after going up a few stairs that I staggered gasping."

LIFE SEEMED INTOLERABLE.

"Often bad fainting attacks and giddiness seized me; agony across my loins and pain in my joints made it almost impossible for me to attend to my duties. I began to mend all seemed too intolerable, and I got tired of taking medicine, for nothing did me any good."

"After three years of this, a friend suggested Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I began to mend almost from the first few doses. I felt hungry again, and soon could take meals without any discomfort. As I continued taking the Pills all pain left my joints and back. The palpitation and breathlessness went, and I was cured."

LADIES' FREE HEALTH GUIDE.

Send a postcard at once to Dr. Williams' Co., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London, for free booklet, "Plain Talks to Women."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured, when other treatments have failed, severe cases of Anæmia, General Weakness, Indigestion, Rheumatism, Eczema, Neuralgia, Neurasthenia, and Disorders of the Blood and Nerves. Price 2s. 9d. one box, or 13s. 6d. for six boxes. Of dealers or direct from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. But imitations are never the same as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. (Advt.)

GARDEN AND POULTRY APPLIANCES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Illustrated Catalogue Free. Hundreds of Designs.



Greenhouses from 37/6. Poultry Houses from 12/6. W. COOPER, LTD., 761, OLD KENT RD., LONDON, S.E.

THICK, GLOSSY HAIR FREE FROM DANDRUFF

Girls! Try it! Your hair gets soft, fluffy and luxuriant at once.

If you care for heavy hair, that glistens with beauty and is soft and wavy, has an incomparable softness and is fluffy and lustrous, try Danderine.

Just one application doubles the beauty of your hair, besides immediately dissolving every particle of dandruff; you cannot have nice, heavy, healthy hair if you have dandruff. This destructive scurf robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life, and if not overcome it produces a feverishness and itching of the scalp; the hair roots fester, loosen and die; then the hair falls out fast.

If your hair has been neglected and is thin, faded, dry, scraggy or too oily, get a 1s. 11d. bottle of Knowlton's Danderine at any Chemist; apply a little as directed, and ten minutes after you will say this was the best investment you ever made.

We sincerely believe, regardless of everything else advertised, that if you desire soft, lustrous, beautiful hair and lots of it—no dandruff—no itching scalp and no more falling hair—you must use Knowlton's Danderine. If eventually—why not now?—(Advt.)

The King and Garrick Club.

His Majesty the King has consented to become patron of the Garrick Club, in succession to his Majesty the late King Edward.

Ex-Viceroy Gravely Ill.

Lord Minto, an ex-Viceroy of India, who has been ill for some time at Hawick, has had a serious relapse.

And the Hat Came Off.

Noticing a man in court yesterday wearing his hat, Mr. Justice Bailhache remarked, "Won't your hat come off, sir?" and the offending headpiece was removed at once.

Elftoft to Appeal in Sack Crime.

It has been decided that Elftoft will appeal against his conviction as accessory after the fact in the sack murder.

What London's Roads Cost.

The cost of maintaining the roads of London was £670,000 a year, it was stated yesterday at the London County Council.

Fatal Collision in Air.

As the result of a collision 100ft. above the ground between a biplane and a monoplane at Johannisthal, Berlin, says Reuter, a pupil named Degner was killed.

Million Left by a Woman.

Estate to the value of £1,079,780 was left by Miss Emily Matilda Easton, of Felling, Durham, who died last Christmas Day, aged ninety-five.

Broker and Missionary Fails.

A debtor who combined the business of insurance broker with missionary work among the Jews, appeared yesterday in the Bankruptcy Court.

£10,000 for Boy Scouts.

Under the will of Sir William Dunn, the Commercial Union Insurance Company have allocated £10,000 to the endowment fund of the boy scouts' movement.

READY-MADE FARMS IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA.



HOW THEY ARE MADE—THE TASK OF THE PIONEER.

The erection of the "Bosses Camp" above, illustrated with two of the "bosses" in the foreground was the first step taken towards converting many thousands of acres of rich virgin land, belonging to the Midland Railway Company, of Western Australia, into ready-made farms having ready access to the railway and ample room for expansion.

The mighty undertaking was carried forward without a hitch, and roads were cut, trees felled, logs sawed, fences raised, wells sunk, tanks provided, and houses, sheds and out-buildings erected, one-third of the land being cleared ready for seeding.

The result of all this provident pioneering is seen to-day in a thriving colony of successful farmers (recruited largely from the Army, Navy

and professional classes, in addition to trained agriculturists), who like Captain Fazley, whose charming home was shown on this page in the January 14th issue, find that tilling the soil in sunny Western Australia under these ideal conditions is an occupation, at once profitable, pleasant and healthy.

A considerable number of the farms have now been taken up, and in order to secure one of the few that remain in this wonderful wheat, sheep, stock and mixed farming country immediate application should be made to the offices of the Midland Railway Company of Western Australia, Winchester House, Old Broad-street, London, E.C., whose Land Commissioner will, upon written application, visit intending purchasers in their own homes and explain the scheme fully.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Two Scottish Railway Dividends—Higher Prices for Rubbers.

9, BISHOPSGATE, E.C.

The Stock Markets were again in a depressed condition yesterday, the only really notable exception being Consols, which rallied $\frac{1}{2}$ to 76 $\frac{1}{2}$. Home Rails opened firmly, but gave way all round later on the announcement of a poor dividend by the Caledonian Company.

Keen disappointment was caused by the Caledonian Railway's dividend statement, and the price of the Deferred stock dropped 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ points to 38 $\frac{1}{2}$. The distribution on the Deferred is only $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum, against $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum a year ago.

The other Scottish dividend announced, that of the Glasgow and South-Western Railway, was in striking contrast, being, in fact, up to the most optimistic expectations. The distribution on the Deferred stock is 3 per cent. per annum, making 21 per cent. for the year, with £11,022 carried forward. A year ago the dividend was at 24 per cent. per annum, making 24 per cent. for the year, with £33,000 to reserve and £14,351 forward. On the news the stock rose $\frac{1}{2}$ to 47.

Rubber shares were quite strong for a time, but fell back at the close in sympathy with other markets. The reason for the early buying was the satisfactory results obtained at the auction sales. Although the large amount of 1,100 tons of rubber was offered, competition was quite keen and the prices obtained were generally about 11d. per lb. higher than at the previous sale a fortnight ago.

Among Newspaper prices Amalgamated Press Ordinary and Preference were again quoted at 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 22s. 6d. respectively, while Associated Newspaper Ordinary and Preference remained at 24s. 6d. and 21s. 6d., and Patriotic Newspaper Ordinary and Preference at 22s. 9d. and 18s. 6d.

FATAL GAS IN SENGHENYDD?

Sensational evidence, to the effect that the presence of gas in the Senghenydd mine was realised before the disaster, was given yesterday at Cardiff before the Home Office Commission.

William Thornton, who worked in the Mafeking heading, was examined by the Commissioner, Professor R. A. S. Redmayne.

Thornton said he had seen accumulations fifteen yards from the face, and had reported this to Fred Williams, the fireman for the district, who is now dead. This gas was in a cavity. The fireman was there every day and tried it. Witness had found gas at the face in his place.

The Commissioner: What did you do?

Witness: Brush it away with our coats.

The Commissioner: You know that is a breach of the regulations?—Yes; but that is what we were told to do.

Asked why men went to work when things were in this condition he said that if they did not work there were always others who would.

GREEN BEETLE MYSTERY.

Wilful Murder Verdict at Kent Reeks Inquest.

A verdict of Wilful Murder against some person or persons unknown was returned yesterday at the inquest at Bilton (Staffs) relating to the death of Kent Reeks, a married officer who was found shot near a disused pit at Bilton.

The tragedy (known as the "Green Beetle Mystery") has been engaging the attention of the police for some time.

Mr. Thomas Redyard Kent (uncle of the dead man), of Swinton, near Manchester, said when Reeks came to his house he showed him a 100-dollar (£20) note and others to his wife and daughter. He knew of no connection of Reeks in the Bilton neighbourhood nor why he came there. Asked if the dead man had mentioned the name of Hamsden or Ramsden, witness replied that he mentioned no names. He wore a green Brazilian beetle tie pin.

Catherine Stanton, landlady of the house where Reeks stayed in Liverpool, said he engaged a room for three weeks, and he and Ramsden met at the breakfast table on Sunday morning (January 18) for the first time. They spent the whole of the Sunday together and both arranged to be called next morning at 7.30. They breakfasted together and while Reeks went upstairs Ramsden went out. Later Reeks, learning that Ramsden had left, also went.

Medical evidence was given as to the three wounds in the man's head. Any one of them would be sufficient to cause death. Dr. Ashley Smith thought he had been shot not while on the ground, but as he was falling.

The coroner, summing up, said it was a most mysterious case, as absolutely nothing was known of Reeks after he had left Liverpool until he was found dead at Ettingshall.

(Photograph on page 3.)

The Ideal Fruit Laxative

is the genuine and original Fruit Laxative.

Mrs. Longmore, Broxbourne, writes:—"I have used Ficolax for my two boys, and I must say it is all you say of it."

FICOLAX is manufactured from the finest fruit and vegetable essences. Ficolax is guaranteed to be free from any injurious preservatives or minerals, and is unequalled for its curative properties in Constipation with Indigestion, Biliousness, Flatulence, Acidity, Dyspepsia and Headache. Since Constipation may lead to many dangerous disorders, the importance of overcoming Constipation and preventing its recurrence cannot be emphasised too strongly.

For Children

FICOLAX is an ideal remedy, delicious in taste, pleasant and easy to take, gentle in action and without any of the disagreeable after-effects of Castor Oil. Thousands of mothers rely upon Ficolax to keep their children healthy. Half a teaspoonful (or less) of Ficolax given every night at bed-time will remove any irregularity and ensure perfect health. All children like taking Ficolax.

For Women

FICOLAX is the one remedy for those requiring a laxative—harmless, effective and economical. A teaspoonful taken at night will cleanse the system of all impurities and restore a healthy tone to the digestive organs. Hundreds of nurses testify to the excellence of Ficolax. Ficolax is used in many hospitals.

For Men

FICOLAX is the ideal Aperient, pleasant, economical and convenient to take. After taking, Ficolax, Constipation and that disagreeable feeling of Liverishness, Biliousness and Indigestion are overcome. A teaspoonful, or in severe cases two teaspoonfuls, taken at night will convince you of the value of Ficolax.

Be sure you get F-I-C-O-L-A-X.

Large Bottle 1s. 11d., Family Size 2s. 9d. Of Chemists everywhere. Refuse spurious substitutes, which are now being offered as Fruit Laxatives.

If your Chemist does not stock Ficolax, write direct to the Ficolax Co., 30, Graham-street, London, N.

The State Opening of Parliament by the King Yesterday. See Pages 1, 3 and 8.

NAVAL MEN
WHO ARE
LIVING IN AN
AEROPLANE
CASE: SEE PAGE 4.

The Daily Mirror

LATEST CERTIFIED CIRCULATION MORE THAN 800,000 COPIES PER DAY.

CRICKET MATCH
PLAYED ON
BOARD THE
DREADNOUGHT
THUNDERER: SEE
PAGE 3.

CONGRATULATIONS SHOWERED ON THE GAIETY'S NEW LEADING LADY.



With the flowers which were given to her after the first performance.

Miss Isobel Elsom, who has made so successful a debut as leading lady in "After the Girl" at the Gaiety Theatre, has been the recipient of innumerable tributes from her many admirers, and a telegraph boy is rarely off her doorstep. Her rooms, too, have

Reading a sheaf of telegrams.

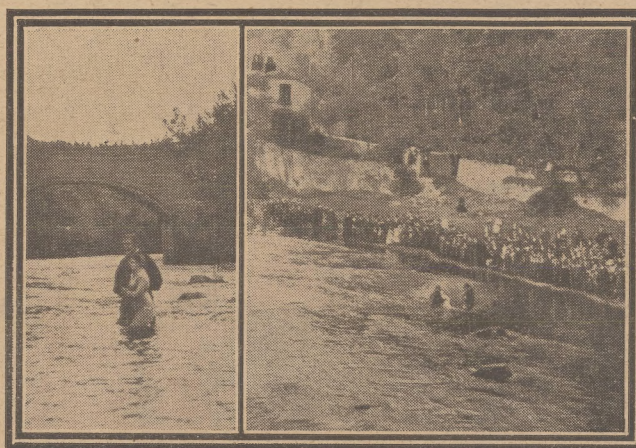
been converted into a veritable conservatory, and are filled with beautiful bouquets. Miss Elsom plays the part of Doris, the naughty young schoolgirl who leads her father a mad dance across Europe. (Daily Mirror photographs.)

FEATHERED COLLAR FOR CAT



Monkey, the pet cat of the British Museum, wearing the feather collar presented to it by the Scottish workmen engaged on the extension.

BAPTISM IN A RIVER IN WALES.



Leaving the water.

General view of the ceremony.

The banks of the River Dee were thronged with sightseers at Pontcysyllte, near Llangollen, when a young woman was baptised by immersion. The pastor, the Rev. Evan Williams, led the shivering girl through the icy waters until a suitable depth was reached, and then performed the ceremony.

BRAVEST MAN OF THE YEAR.



Commander Wilfred Tomkinson, R.N., who is to receive the Stanhope gold medal for trying to save a man washed from a submarine.